

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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LANGUE-DE-CHAT "DROPS"		
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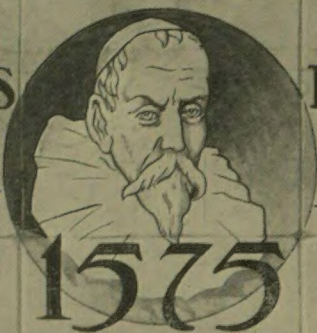
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refinements resulting from our ex-
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are now devoting ourselves to the individual
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DEPOTS throughout the country, each with a
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mechanics to render instant personal service
and advice to our customers.

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than 2d. for fuel to cut over 1,000 sq. yds.

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users in 1921.

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Motor Mower. It has
been most useful and has
given us no trouble what-
ever. You can use my
name as a satisfied user."
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1922.

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THE "WIZARD" DESERTS HIS CUPBOARD FOR HIS KITCHEN GARDEN! THE PRIME MINISTER PLANTING POTATOES
AT CRICCIETH, ASSISTED BY DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George was recently obliged to take a short holiday owing to indisposition, and went to his Welsh country house at Criccieth in order to forget for a few days the cares of State and the political "wizard's cupboard" to which Mr. Montagu referred in describing the Premier. After a restful week-end, Mr.

Lloyd George set to work on Monday (March 13) to plant early potatoes in his kitchen garden, with the help of Dame Margaret Lloyd George, having first dug over the ground. It is said that he had not used a spade for forty-five years, but doubtless he found digging a good cure for depression, as Kipling says.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE matter of the letters of Byron, so much discussed just now, has linked itself up in my mind with a very interesting article on Tom Moore in the *Mercury*—a magazine that never fails to be interesting. But I think there is something about these men, and many of their comrades and contemporaries, that has not been said. This is very probably because it is not at all easy to say. I fear my own attempt to say it will sound curiously vague; and yet to my own mind it is very vivid. I feel it about Byron; I feel it about Byron's friend Moore; I even feel it about Moore's friend the Prince Regent. Byron as an individual was the least defensible of the three; but I am not going to enter here into the controversy about his private life. It will be enough to say that, upon the blackest hypothesis, the story is an excellent illustration of a truth very valuable in all confessions: that we never know the best that can be said, till we know the worst that can be said. The worst that can be said of Byron, if it was true, was not so bad as many might reasonably have supposed when it was partially hidden. It was not a sort of precocious perversion from the cradle, but a later coincidence that had the ill-luck if not the innocence of *Œdipus*. But putting this business altogether on one side, nobody will pretend that Byron was not a pretty aggressively bad man; and he certainly did not pretend it himself.

But it is exactly here that we have the first intellectual injustice to Byron. The very term "Byronic" has come to stand, not merely for melancholy, but for an insincere and merely melodramatic melancholy. He is represented as a swaggering and shallow fool, always parading fictitious feelings and posing as solitary only in order to attract society. Now the enemies of Byron really cannot have it both ways. They cannot accuse him of the blackest crimes, taunt him with brooding on them, and then tell him that he had nothing to brood about. They cannot accuse him, first of being a profligate, and then of being a humbug when he professed to be a profligate. His trouble cannot have been as deep as hell and as shallow as an *Adelphi* play. He cannot have been as black as he was painted, if he painted himself blacker than he was. And if he had been ten times blacker than anybody could possibly be, he would still have some right in reason and justice to have the case against him put intelligibly in black and white. At present the case is rather parallel to that which the stupidest sort of English people used to make against the French duel. The French duellist was called a murderer for having killed a man, and then called a coward for not having killed him. The truth was, of course, that the larger number of duels were of a normal and intermediate sort, in which men ran some sort of relative but real risk. But where there was nothing deadly there could not have been anything murderous; and where there was anything murderous there cannot have been anything unreal. So, in the poetry and pose of Byron, where there was anything guilty there must at least have been the realism of guilt.

My own reading of the riddle may be wrong, but it is extremely simple. It is that Byron was naturally a man not only of great force but of great freshness of passions; and some of these were bad passions, which he never had a reasonable religion to control. Consequently he did abominable things; as any one of us would have done if, during certain periods, he had done anything he felt inclined to do. But precisely because of his fundamental freshness, he remained young enough really to feel remorse. If he was *Manfred*, it proves that he was not *Mephistopheles*. The really dried-up diabolists do not have remorse, at least in that moral sense; a decadent Roman emperor or a Nietzschean maniac would never have poured out pessimism so warm and emotional

For this tentative interpretation I will plead one small detail of defence. It does make some sort of sense of Byron's poetry, and the other views can make nothing but nonsense of it. If ever there was a gift of rhyme and rhetoric that had not lost its freshness, it was the gift of Byron. If ever there were poems, bad or good, that might have been written by an inspired boy, or possibly an intoxicated boy, they were the poems of Byron. And they are depreciated now, not at all because they are stale, but because criticism is not fresh enough to feel their freshness. Their very crudity and obviousness is part of something too simple for most modern minds to enjoy. Stevenson, in his fascinating essay on the toy theatre, has some very exact phrase about "those direct clap-trap appeals which a man is dead and buriable when he does not answer." I would not say that the excellent and sometimes exquisite critics of more recent times are dead or buriable; but I do say that their type of criticism necessarily misses the very meaning and purpose of those direct appeals. In one sense, indeed, artistic effects of the Byronic sort are not things to be criticised at all. In this case there is a real meaning in the modern substitution of the word "appreciation" for the word "criticism." These are not things that we criticise, but things which we appreciate—or do not appreciate. But those who depreciate, because they cannot appreciate, are simply people who have got hold of the wrong subject for their particular sort of appreciation.

It is illogical to argue with people who are not roused by the noise of a bugle, nor by a dramatic toast suddenly proposed at a banquet, or by a blow given in public, or a voice calling on a mob to rise. And it is illogical to argue with those who never happen to have found themselves, when in a state of towering high spirits and hilarity, swinging down the road and reciting the cheerful lines, "Oh, there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away," rising to a specially soaring gaiety with the turn of the words, "Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down." These lines have a thousand faults, like their

author, for they are alive as he was, and it was the one thing about himself that he did not know. As for their merits, an analysis of them would be entirely unsuitable to their nature. But I will mention one of the merits of the Byronic poetry in conclusion, because it is a symbol of all the rest, and that is its swiftness. Let anyone who does not know what I mean open the book and read two lyrics, the first that occur to me—the lines to Tom Moore, "My boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea," and the verses beginning "We'll go no more a-roving." They are both very short poems, but they are much shorter than they look. They can be read, and should be read, almost in a breath, one verse leading to another as one line to another. The whole lyric goes swift and straight to its end like a single arrow; and he who appreciates it will have learned something of the nature of arrows and the nature of songs, and of why Apollo was an archer.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF PRE-VISION BY MR. PUNCH: "THE RESPONSIBLES."

This cartoon, which was published in "Punch" of February 22 last, is called "The Responsibilities," and the wording is as follows:

MR. MONTAGU (to MR. GANDHI): "It looks as if one of us would have to go."

JOHN BULL: "Why not both?"

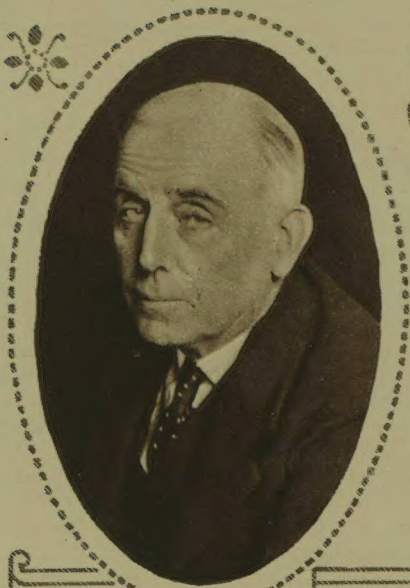
Certainly an extraordinary case of pre-vision: for now Mr. Montagu has resigned and Mr. Gandhi has been arrested!

Drawn by L. Raven Hill. Reproduced by Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

as Byron's. There is something boyish in the sulks of Byron, precisely because he has not entirely lost the reactions into rage and sorrow which come in boyhood. Being a tolerably bad boy, and not having the heroic charity of a complete penitent, he mixed up his remorse for his own conduct with liberal cursings and vituperations of the conduct of other people. But that is exactly what anybody does do who is still young enough to be sulky. To put the point another way, there was one respect in which Byron really was not so black as he painted himself. There was one point in which he really was only a stage villain, confessing a fictitious crime. But this fiction also is one of the facts of boyhood. This insincerity also is part of the sincerity of sulks. He really was entirely wrong when he said that his heart was dead and his feelings were cold as ashes; that all freshness had gone out of him, and that nothing moved him any more.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, RUSSELL, PHOTOPRESS, AND ALFIERI.



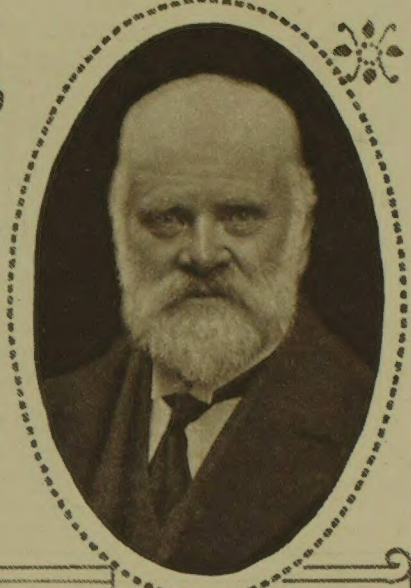
THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.: MR. F. R. ANDERTON.



A SUDDEN DEATH IN THE HUNTING FIELD: THE LATE LORD MANTON.



CHOSEN AS L.C.C. ALDERMAN: DR. FLORENCE BARRIE LAMBERT.



FAMOUS FOR HEART RESEARCH: THE LATE DR. A. D. WALLER, THE PHYSIOLOGIST.



NEW SEC.-GENERAL, ORDER OF ST. JOHN: SIR G. FEILDING.



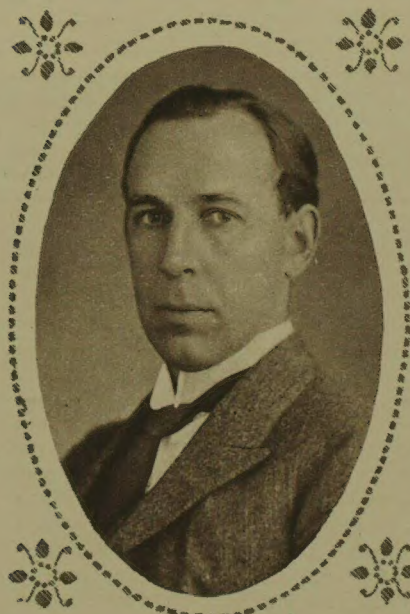
A HOME OFFICE RETIREMENT: SIR EDWARD TROUP.



INTERNATIONAL BADMINTON: THE SCOTTISH TEAM BEATEN BY ENGLAND BY NINE MATCHES TO NONE AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.



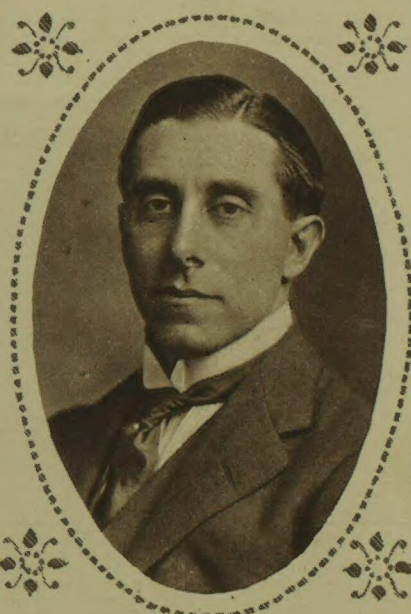
WINNERS IN THE INTERNATIONAL BADMINTON MATCH AGAINST SCOTLAND AT WESTMINSTER: THE ENGLISH TEAM.



APPOINTED PERM. UNDER-SECRETARY, HOME DEPT.: SIR JOHN ANDERSON.



THE TURKISH FOREIGN MINISTER'S VISIT TO LONDON: IZZET PASHA AND MEMBERS OF HIS MISSION.



THE COALITION WIN AT WEST WOLVERHAMPTON: SIR R. BIRD (C.), THE NEW M.P.

Mr. F. R. Anderton began his duties as Chairman of the L.C.C. at the first meeting of the new Council on March 14. He is a barrister and has been a member since 1910. Among those recommended for election as Aldermen were two ladies—Dr. Florence Barrie Lambert and Mrs. Wilton Phipps.—Lord Manton (formerly Mr. Joseph Watson), who was raised to the Peerage this year, was thrown on March 13 while out with the Warwickshire Hounds, and died in a few minutes of heart failure.—Major-General Sir Geoffrey Feilding has been appointed Secretary-General of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in succession to Lord Stanmore.—Sir Edward Troup has retired from the post of Permanent Under-Secretary for the Home Department. Sir John Anderson has been appointed to succeed him.—Dr. A. D. Waller, Director of the Physiological Laboratory, University of London, was noted for his researches into the electric currents of the heart and his

invention of a mirror galvanometer to record emotional states.—The England v. Scotland Badminton Match was played in the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on March 10. The English team were Sir C. A. Thomas, Bt., Messrs. G. A. Sautter, F. Hodge, H. S. Uber, R. du Roveray, and E. Hawthorn, Mrs. Tragett, Miss H. Hogarth, and Miss McKane. The Scottish team were Dr. J. Crombie, Messrs. J. W. Millar, W. K. Tillie, E. R. Butcher, J. W. Henderson, and H. E. B. Neilson, Mrs. Maclellan, Miss Macfarlane, and Miss D. M. Aitken.—Marshal Izzet Pasha arrived in London on March 9. With him in the photograph are (l. to r.) Edhem Bey (Minister Plenipotentiary), Kadry Bey (Private Secretary) and Haidar Bey (Director of Izzet Pasha's private Cabinet).—At the West Wolverhampton by-election, Sir Robert Bird (Coalition Conservative) polled 16,790 votes to 13,799 given for Mr. A. G. Walkden (Labour).

WAR AGAINST BOLSHEVIST STRIKERS IN SOUTH AFRICA:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.: MAP REPRODUCED



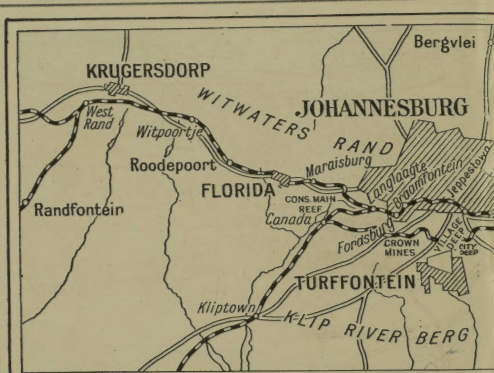
OCCUPIED BY THE POLICE AFTER MARTIAL LAW WAS DECLARED: THE MINERS' HEADQUARTERS IN JOHANNESBURG.



A REGIMENT OF WHICH A DETACHMENT WAS AMBUSHED BY THE TRANSVAAL



GOVERNMENT FORCES ON THE RAND: MOUNTED TROOPS PATROLLING MINE PROPERTY.



JOHANNESBURG SCENES; TYPES OF THE FORCES ENGAGED.

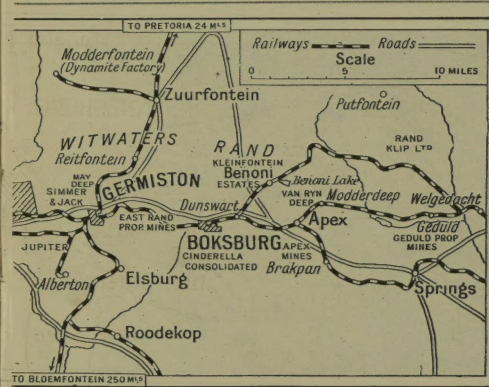
BY COURTESY OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."



STRIKERS, LOSING 18 KILLED AND 25 WOUNDED: SCOTTISH ON PARADE.



LIABLE TO BE OVERTURNED BY STRIKERS: VOLUNTARY MOTOR TRANSPORT IN JOHANNESBURG IN THE ABSENCE OF TRAMS.



THE BIG MINING OFFICES IN JOHANNESBURG: THE CORNER HOUSE, WHICH WAS THREATENED BY STRIKERS.



AWAITING ORDERS FROM THEIR LEADERS: CYCLISTS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF A COMMANDO OF STRIKERS.



TYPICAL OF THE STRIKERS: A SCENE OUTSIDE THE MINERS' THE MEN—SHOWING SOME MOUNTED



HEADQUARTERS BEFORE THE LEADERS ADDRESSED: TROOPS IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



NATIVE MINERS: TYPES OF MEN WHOM THE STRIKERS ARE SAID TO HAVE PROVOKED IN ORDER TO EXTEND THE DISTURBANCES.

The strike on the Rand, which has been going on since early in January, developed a few days ago into a revolutionary rising. Martial Law was declared at Johannesburg on March 10, and the police occupied the Town Hall (where they hauled down the Red flag), the Trades Hall, and the offices of the Industrial Federation, the miners' headquarters. For some weeks the trams had ceased to run, and (as shown in one photograph), voluntary motor transport took their place. The strikers took to overturning private cars whose owners gave girls a lift into the town. On March 10 and 11 there was fierce fighting at Fordsburg and Brakpan, and a detachment of the Transvaal Scottish was ambushed at Fordsburg by strikers, who suddenly poured in a heavy fire on the unsuspecting troops, killing 18 and wounding 25. General Smuts arrived on the 11th, his car being fired at on the way, and directed the operations against the rebels.

They were attacked by Government troops under Generals Van Deventer, Beves, and Brits, and were bombed by aeroplanes and shelled by artillery. Up to midnight on the 12th, over 2200 rebels had been captured, and their chief stronghold at Fordsburg, west of Johannesburg, was being encircled. A Reuter message of the 13th said: "It is now known from the capture of spies and many documents that the money for this 'Red Revolution' came from abroad." The savagery of the rebel commandos, the murders of police and civilians in cold blood, and reckless efforts to extend the disturbances by provocation of natives, were new elements of industrial trouble in South Africa, and were held to indicate the influence of Moscow. During last year, 1300 Russian immigrants entered South Africa. On March 14 it was announced that Government troops had captured Brakpan, and that General Smuts considered the whole position satisfactory.

SIR JAMES CRAIG'S BORDER TOUR; MR. MONTAGU; ROYAL ROMANCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, JAMES'S AGENCY, ROL, AND C.N.



THE PREMIER OF NORTHERN IRELAND ADDRESSING SPECIAL CONSTABLES: SIR JAMES CRAIG (RIGHT) DURING HIS TOUR OF THE ULSTER BORDER.



SHOWING A LITTLE UNION JACK ON THE BONNET OF THE RIGHT-HAND CAR: TWO OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE ARMoured CARS THAT ESCORTED SIR J. CRAIG.



DEFENDING HIS OWN INDIAN POLICY AND CRITICISING MR. LLOYD GEORGE: MR. E. S. MONTAGU ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS AT CAMBRIDGE AFTER HIS RESIGNATION—MRS. MONTAGU ON THE PLATFORM.



BETROTHED: THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK OF DENMARK AND PRINCESS OLGA OF GREECE.



PRINCESS MARY ON HER HONEYMOON: AT THE GARE DE LYON, PARIS, WITH LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY.



BETROTHED TO KING ALEXANDER: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH RELATIVES.



PRINCESS MARY LEAVING PARIS FOR ITALY: CHATTING WITH CAPTAIN RAMSAY AT THE GARE DE LYON.

Sir James Craig, Premier of Northern Ireland, recently made a tour along the Ulster border, escorted by armoured cars.—Shortly after his resignation as Secretary for India, Mr. E. S. Montagu addressed his constituents at the Cambridge Liberal Club in a vigorous speech, wherein he defended his action in publishing the Indian Government's message, strongly criticised Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, and suggested that he himself had been sacrificed to conciliate the Diehard Unionists. A full-page portrait of Mr. Montagu appears elsewhere in this number. His wife is seen above on the platform.—The Crown Prince Frederick

of Denmark and Princess Olga, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece, were recently betrothed at Cannes: Queen Alexandra is grand-aunt to both.—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles arrived in Paris on March 9 and, after staying the night at the British Embassy, left the next day for Florence. They were met in Paris and seen off by Captain and Lady Patricia Ramsay.—The lower central photograph shows (l. to r.) the Crown Princess of Roumania (*née* Princess Helen of Greece), Princess Ileana of Roumania, Princess Marie of Roumania (betrothed to King Alexander of Serbia), and the Crown Prince of Roumania.

THE MOSLEM QUESTION: AN OUTSTANDING FACTOR IN WORLD POLITICS.



FIXING BY COMPASS THE DIRECTION OF MECCA: THE ORIENTATION CEREMONY FOR A NEW MOSQUE IN PARIS.

The Moslem question is one of the most important factors in world settlement confronting statesmen to-day, as we have lately seen, for example, in connection with India, the resignation of Mr. Montagu, the coming Near East Conference on Turkey, and the situation in Egypt. France, like Britain, has a great Mohammedan population (numbering some 25,000,000) in her colonial empire. A Mosque and Institute is to be built in Paris in the Place du Puits de l'Ermite, near the Jardin

des Plantes, at a cost of 8,000,000 francs (about £160,000). Our photograph shows the ceremony of orientation to discover the direction of Mecca. On a special wooden table, with no metal to disturb the magnetic needle, are seen two compasses. The three white figures are (l. to r.) Kaddour Ben-Ghabrit; H. E. Ababou, Chamberlain to the Sultan of Morocco; and Ben Sayah, an astronomer of Fez. Next to him is M. Maurice Colrat, French Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

TOPICALITIES OF THE WEEK: OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY McALLUM (PERTH), MANUEL (PARIS), C.N., TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



A RECORD SPRING CATCH ON THE TAY: 17 SALMON CAUGHT ON ONE DAY BY MAJOR BAKER CARR—A TOTAL WEIGHT OF 276 LB.



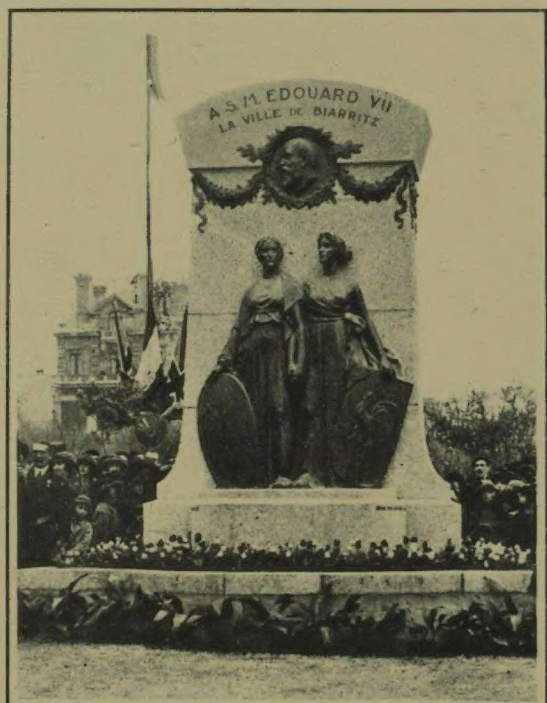
AN OLD LONDON TYPE OF VEHICLE MODERNISED IN PARIS: A NEW HANSON-TAXI THAT HAS RECENTLY APPEARED ON THE BOULEVARDS.



INAUGURATED AS A COLLEGIATE CHURCH BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: ST. MARTIN'S, LEICESTER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND A "SEAFORTH" BABY AT DELHI: H.R.H. AMONG THE WIVES AND FAMILIES OF N.C.O.'S.



BIARRITZ HONOURS THE FOUNDER OF THE ENTENTE: THE MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD UNVEILED.



POPULAR SUPPORT FOR THE IRISH PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: A MONSTER TREATY DEMONSTRATION IN CORK ATTENDED BY ABOUT 50,000 PEOPLE.



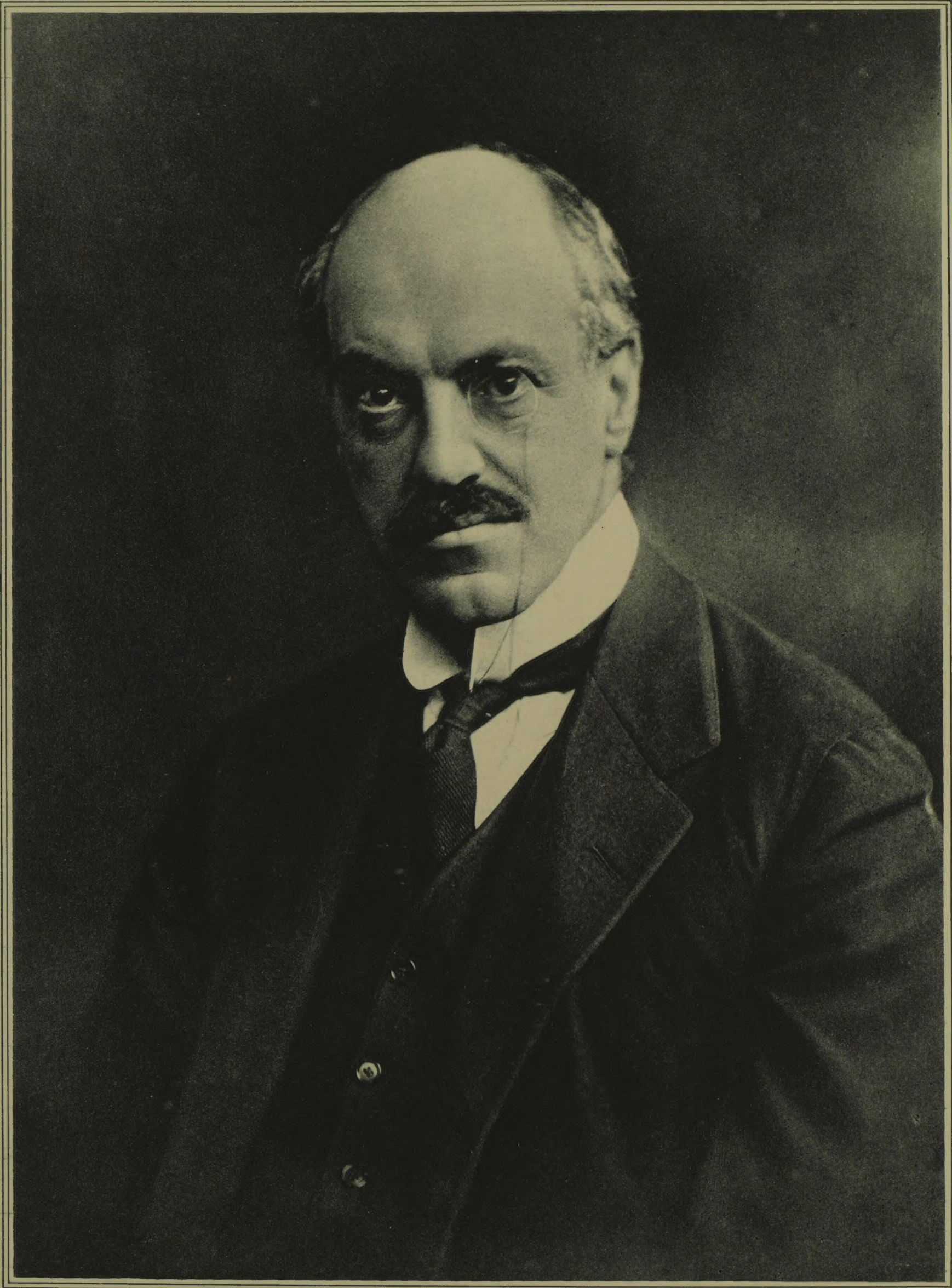
THE GREAT LOCK-OUT IN THE ENGINEERING TRADE: A TYPICAL SCENE—EMPLOYEES LEAVING WORKS AT WALTHAMSTOW, WHERE GENERAL OMNIBUSES ARE MADE.

All records for spring salmon-fishing on the Tay were beaten on March 9 by Major Baker Carr, who on that day secured to his own rod a magnificent catch of 17 salmon weighing 276 lb. Fifteen were caught in the Pitlochry Pool, and two in the Washing Green Pool. The weights were—one 30 lb., two 20 lb., four 18 lb., two 17 lb., one 16 lb., one 15 lb., three 14 lb., one 10 lb., one 9 lb., and one 8 lb.—The inauguration of St. Martin's, Leicester, as a Collegiate Church by the Archbishop of Canterbury was arranged to take place on March 17.—During his visit to Delhi, the Prince of Wales inspected the 2nd Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders, and spent some time with the wives and families of N.C.O.'s of the regiment.—The memorial to King Edward at Biarritz, where he often stayed,

was unveiled on March 12 by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst (British Ambassador to France), who gave intimate recollections of the origin of the Entente and King Edward's suspicions of Germany. The memorial is the work of Maxime Real del Sarti. It is a simple block of granite, with a bronze medallion of King Edward and bronze figures representing England and France.—A great Treaty demonstration in Cork was addressed by Mr. Michael Collins on Sunday, March 12. The white flag on a tram standard shown in our photograph was put up by opponents.—The lock-out of members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union by firms belonging to the Engineering and National Employers' Federations began on March 11. By the 13th, it was said, some 250,000 skilled engineers were idle.

THE FORCED RESIGNATION OF THE SECRETARY FOR INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PALMER CLARKE, CAMBRIDGE.



"TOTALLY INCOMPATIBLE WITH COLLECTIVE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CABINET": THE RIGHT HON. E. S. MONTAGU, COMPELLED TO RESIGN FOR PUBLISHING THE INDIAN MANIFESTO ON TURKEY.

Mr. E. S. Montagu, who became Secretary of State for India in 1917, was compelled to resign owing to his having neglected to consult the rest of the Cabinet before publishing (on March 9) an official message from the Indian Government demanding, in the interests of Indian Moslems, certain concessions to Turkey at the forthcoming Near East Conference. In his letter acknowledging Mr. Montagu's resignation, the Premier made it perfectly clear that his dismissal

must not be construed as an anti-Moslem proceeding, but that, on the contrary, the British Government have given Indian Mahomedans every opportunity to express their views, and he pointed out that Mr. Montagu's action was "totally incompatible with the collective responsibility of the Cabinet." Speaking later at Cambridge, Mr. Montagu ridiculed the "Cabinet responsibility" argument, and suggested that he had been "thrown to the wolves" to appease the Die-hard Unionists.

PRINCE AND VICEROY IN THE CAPITAL OF INDIA: A WEEK AT DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE PRINCE (RIGHT) AND LORD READING ARRIVING FOR THE DURBAR AT THE FORT.



PICTURESQUE FIGURES: THE RAJAH SAHREB NAFOD WITH HIS SON AND THREE GRANDSONS.



AFTER A TENT-PEGGING TOURNAMENT: THE PRINCE PRESENTING A CUP TO THE WINNER.



SHOWING THE PRINCE OF WALES BETWEEN THE VICEROY AND LADY READING: A GROUP OF THE VICEREGAL HOUSE PARTY AT DELHI ON FEBRUARY 15, INCLUDING LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MISS EDWINA ASHLEY, SAID TO BE ENGAGED.



AT THE GARDEN PARTY: ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY (SECOND FROM LEFT IN FRONT) WITH A PARTY OF FOUR INDIAN PRINCES.



AMONG THE INDIAN GUESTS AT THE GARDEN PARTY: A SPLENDID FIGURE NEXT TO THE RAJAH SAHREB NAFOD (SHOWN ABOVE).

The Prince of Wales spent a week at Delhi, from February 14, when he received an enthusiastic welcome from the people as he drove with Lord Reading to the Viceregal Lodge, to February 21, when he left for Patiala. Among the principal events of the Delhi visit were the unveiling by the Prince of the statue of King Edward, a State Banquet, a Ball, and a Durbar held in the Divan-i-Am of the old Fort by the Viceroy, who delivered an address welcoming the Prince on behalf of the Indian Government, to which the Prince replied. Fifty Indian

Ruling Chiefs attended, and on their behalf speeches were made by the Maharajahs of Gwalior, Bikanir, and Patiala and the Jam Sahib (Ranjitsinhji). In the large central group above, the Prince is seen in the middle of the second row between the Viceroy and Lady Reading. On the extreme right of the same row is Miss Edwina Ashley, said to be engaged to Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is seen (in uniform with white helmet) in the centre background just to the right of the pillar. Behind and to left of the Viceroy is General Birdwood.

BYZANTIUM REBUILT FOR THE FILM: ARCHITECTURE IN "THEODORA."



A GREAT FILM SPECTACLE SAID TO HAVE TAKEN THREE YEARS TO PRODUCE AND TO HAVE COST £750,000:

"THEODORA" AT COVENT GARDEN—A SCENE IN THE HIPPODROME AT BYZANTIUM.

"Theodora," an Italian spectacular film based on Sardou's play of that name, was produced at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Sunday, March 12. It is chiefly remarkable for its wonderful setting, the architectural effects in the scenes at the Hippodrome and the Emperor's palace at Byzantium being on a truly magnificent scale. The production of the film is said to have taken three years, and to have cost over £750,000. In the Hippodrome scene, there is

represented the gathering of a revolutionary crowd threatening the Emperor Justinian and his faithless consort, the Empress Theodora, who has been engaged in a love intrigue. She discovers her lover in a man who is about to be tortured, and, in order to save him by distracting the Emperor's attention, she orders a number of lions to be let loose among the crowd in the Hippodrome. The people seen in the foreground of the above photograph are other characters in the play.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IT is to the novel (Dickens yesterday; Burke to-day) that one turns for vivid revelations of the London underworld—but perhaps we are too apt to accept the *Oliver Twist* picture as the complete exposition. For, just as one can travel by bus on an endless series of Saturday afternoons into strange quarters of London, there to find townships—even cities—one had never seen before and may never visit again, so it is possible continually to discover new and undreamed-of strata of the population. And it is precisely the sense

us just the right key to such a bizarre tale as this of Steinie Morrison when he remarks—

Truly the Russian Jew lives here as an alien—not in the sense that his interests or sympathies belong to any other country, but because he carries his Ghetto with him, a Ghetto whose gates enclose a life which we neither know nor are capable of understanding.

Here the curious in these matters has all that he can desire of carefully edited information. In the light of the Introduction the details assume an interest above the average even in a series famous for its spell-binding qualities. Any summary would be superfluous here, when the book itself awaits the reader. It may not, however, be out of place to note the prisoner's first and last words uttered in court. Taken together, they reflect curiously upon his mentality—

My lord, if I was standing before the Almighty, I could give but one answer. I am not guilty.

And then, on hearing sentence of death and its usual pious ending—

I decline such mercy. I do not believe there is a God in Heaven either.

Perhaps the strangest episode of all is that told in an Appendix: how an English lady resident in Paris overheard on a tram a conversation so intimately concerning Steinie Morrison that she followed the speakers and communicated with the authorities. The same day, as it happened, Morrison was reprieved, and nothing seems to have been done with this lady's sworn testimony. It is the last strange scene in a strange case. Nothing can be done now, but if, by any odd chance, that lady had the pen of a gifted novelist, what splendid use could she not make of her adventure, grafted on all the wonderful incitements to imagination provided by the elusive Morrison affair!

A much older mystery, but one of perennial interest, forms the subject of the latest of those ever-welcome volumes that flow from the pen of M. G. Lenôtre. M. Lenôtre is our unrivalled authority on the French Revolution; he has explored countless documents *inédits* with a skill and insight possessed by no other writer on this subject, and from his labours has resulted a series of books every one of which throws some new light on the dark places of the Terror. He conjures the very heart from

minor incidents. And every one of these scrupulous histories has the attraction of a romance. Historical method among ourselves is nowadays chary of the picturesque. That is one of the things they manage better in France, and M. Lenôtre, writing strictly scientific and jealously documented history, can still be picturesque, without fear or reproach. His new volume, "THE DAUPHIN" (Heinemann; 15s.) examines with much fresh detail the tragic mystery of little Louis XVII. There is no solution, but every honest piece of research means the clearing up of some obscure or erroneous detail. Here Simon, the jailer, long represented as a monster, appears in a far more favourable light—in fact, as a humane but somewhat foolish disciple (at second-hand) of the philosopher Jean Jacques himself. Like all M. Lenôtre's writings, this book is a luxury, but I wish the translator's proofs had been more carefully read.

By the way, this mystery of the lost Dauphin, which has had, as M. Lenôtre says, so strong an attraction for romantic or merely lying adventurers, gave the late "Henry Seton Merriman" the subject of his final novel, "The Last Hope," which was appearing as a serial in this journal at the time of Mr. Scott's death. The hero was one Louis Barebone (Bourbon) a waif cast up on the East Anglian coast and later accepted by a company of Royalist enthusiasts, who formed a pathetically futile conspiracy for a Restoration. It was a pleasant fiction, to which one could very well turn again with M. Lenôtre's historical study at one's elbow as a corrective.

The bizarre seems to have got this article in a ruthless grip; for the next book coming up for judgment is "LORD BYRON'S CORRESPONDENCE," Vols. I. and II., edited by Mr. John Murray (Murray; 25s.). The editor, having no desire to reopen old controversies, contents himself with the remark that he cannot accept as conclusive Lord Lovelace's arguments in "Astarte." It is possible for the reader to enjoy these letters without giving a troublesome thought to a dingy scandal, better buried. The impression they leave is of a Byron very much as one had already imagined him, not any worse, and perhaps a little better. There is an admirable Byron, and that is the poet at his best. Personally, I prefer to consider that Byron apart from biographical details, and to remember, as Professor H. J. C. Grierson said last year in his Warton Lecture before the British Academy, that "Childe Harold," mundane in theme, is in spirit *not* mundane. There the lecturer indicates that sense in which "Byron is in the world and



A YOUNG "LORD CHIEF" CONGRATULATED BY A YOUNGER LORD CHANCELLOR: SIR GORDON HEWART (LEFT) SIGNING THE ROLL AT HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sir Gordon Hewart was sworn in as Lord Chief Justice of England at the Law Courts on March 8. Our photograph shows also (in the centre) the Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead) presiding, and on the right the retiring "Lord Chief," Lord Trevethin. In congratulating Sir Gordon Hewart, the Lord Chancellor said: "At the early age of fifty-two years, he approaches that task with the golden promise of long experience and long achievement." Lord Birkenhead himself, it may be recalled, is not quite fifty, having been born on July 12, 1872.—[Photograph by C.N.]

it gives us of breaking new ground in the worlds that lie about our Metropolitan doors that makes "THE TRIAL OF STEINIE MORRISON" (Wm. Hodge and Co.; 10s. 6d.) so remarkable among its companions in the Notable British Trial series.

The chief fascination lies not so much in the mere criminal process, although that is absorbing enough, but in the Introduction by the editor, the Hon. H. Fletcher Moulton. And it is not in his comments on the legal aspects of the case, lucid and admirable as these are, that he gets his highest effects and seems to come nearest the moral heart of this mystery. It is rather when he leaves the details of the case out of the bill, when, in fact, he obeys the injunction of the old German students' song—

Away, dull Law and lawyers, wrangling!

and brings to the affair a touch of imagination, that he puts his reader in exactly the right position for watching and appreciating this amazing drama. The *clou* of the Introduction, in a word, is to be found in those passages where Mr. Fletcher Moulton sets the scene.

By that one does not mean the dry legal reconstruction of the crime, with topographical plans such as are produced in court. These all find their proper place in the verbatim report of the trial and are indispensable. But more important, on the human and moral side of the affair, is the editor's brief but masterly characterisation of the outlandish society from which the actors in the Steinie Morrison affair were drawn—

The apparent irresponsibility of all the characters and their strange *far niente* lives—conducted according to rules and motives utterly strange to the average Briton—is typified by the witness who described himself as "a retired gentleman living on his means," and then gave his address as Rowton House and those means as about 15s. a week. To appreciate the society and manners with which this case deals we must realise that this witness was not . . . indulging in a ridiculous boast or perpetrating a silly joke, but was stating a simple fact, a fact which he and his friends knew to be an everyday occurrence.

"It suggests," continues Mr. Fletcher Moulton, "Jerome's 'Stage Life' far more than a story unrolled under the grimmest circumstances in a British Court of Justice." And again, he hands



A LEADING DRAMATIST NOW DOUBLY REPRESENTED ON THE LONDON STAGE: MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, WITH HIS WIFE, WATCHING A REHEARSAL OF HIS NEW PLAY, "LOYALTIES," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

A scene from "Loyalties," which was produced with great success at the St. Martin's Theatre on March 8, is illustrated on our "Music" page in this number. Mr. Galsworthy, who is fifty-five, has many fine plays and novels to his credit. He first came to the front as a novelist, with "The Island Pharisees," in 1904. A cycle of his plays is now running at the Court Theatre, where "Justice" and "The Pigeon" have already been revived.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

yet not of it," and there lies the secret of the poet's power—a power not yet, despite adverse opinion, exhausted.

WAS A GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER LOST IN MILLET? NEW "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. F. GIBSON.



A GREAT PAINTER OF COUNTRY LIFE REVEALED AS PORTRAITIST: MILLET—BY HIMSELF.



A TYPICAL PEASANT DAME OF NORMANDY: MILLET'S PORTRAIT OF A RELATIVE BY MARRIAGE.



"A MERE GIRL WHEN MARRIED BY THE IMPECUNIOUS PAINTER": MILLET'S FIRST WIFE.



"LE FUMEUR": A PORTRAIT BY MILLET OF ONE OF HIS WIFE'S RELATIVES.

"A SENSATIONAL story," writes Mr. F. Gibson, of Paris, "was given prominence in the Paris Press the other day. A number of masterpieces of the painter J. F. Millet had been discovered, it was stated, in a state of great neglect, in an obscure garret of the Hôtel de Ville at Cherbourg. Vivid details were supplied of this culminating insult to the master-worker. The sad truth, however—of which the above story is credibly described as a fantastic version—was that these pictures, comprising some studies, a maritime piece, and eight portraits, were, at the time of their 'discovery,' on exhibit in the Cherbourg Museum, where they had been placed after a somewhat protracted delay, for which the war was held responsible. The portraits so romantically brought to light are of interest not only as belonging to the period of Millet's first masterpieces, but also because they are portraits. They are said to suggest that Millet would have been one of the world's greatest portrait-painters if he had not laid aside this phase of his art for the portrayal of the fields. Equally interesting are the two pictures of his first wife, who, a mere girl when married by the impecunious painter, died only three years later from consumption. When the painter married again, which he did shortly afterwards, he presented the whole of these souvenirs of his first wife to her family, by one of whom they were, in 1913, bequeathed to Cherbourg."



MILLET'S FIRST WIFE, WHO DIED YOUNG: ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY HIM.



AN EARLY AND FORGOTTEN PHASE OF MILLET'S ART—PORTRAITURE BY THE PAINTER OF THE "ANGELUS": MEMBERS OF THE ONO FAMILY, HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIVES—PICTURES RECENTLY BEQUEATHED TO CHERBOURG AND EXHIBITED IN THE TOWN MUSEUM.

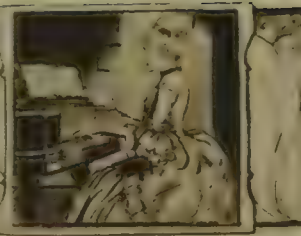
Jean François Millet (1814-75), the great French painter, won fame as an interpreter of the soul of the peasant, in pictures of rustic toil, such as "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," now in the Louvre. He himself was the son of a peasant at Gréville (a village near Cherbourg), where his birthplace can be seen and a statue of him on the village green beside the church where the Angelus was rung. That he might have become equally great as a portrait-painter is shown by the above examples of an early and forgotten phase of his art that have recently

come to light. They belong to a set of sixteen pictures bequeathed to the town of Cherbourg before the war by Dr. Ono, a member of the family to which Millet's first wife belonged, and recently placed on view in the museum gallery there. One of the portraits of young Mme. Millet has been described as that of his niece, the old peasant dame as his grandmother, and "Le Fumeur" as his father; but Mr. F. Gibson, whose article appears above, states that these identifications are incorrect, and gives them the titles we have used.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



LIGHT OPERA.

THERE arises from time to time in the Press a discussion on the question of whether theatre managers ought or ought not to produce light operas by German composers. The discussions are seldom conducted with any attempt to consider the question either practically or philosophically. Needless to say, the political aspect of the question is given plenty of prominence; but to discuss the political aspect is useless, for the people who advance the political argument are obviously persons with whom argument in a reasonable sense is impossible. Another argument with which much play is made is the moral one. This, also, is of no real value. A German light opera may be as wicked as it likes in its native land, but in England it is subject to the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, and who shall dare say that any play is contrary to good morals after the Lord Chamberlain has signified his approval of it? But the music itself is immoral, say some of the disputants. Here again no argument is possible. A case did actually come before the German Courts not long ago, in which a composer was accused of writing music—purely instrumental music, without words—that was of immoral character. In England, such a case, if it had ever been brought, would have been treated as a subject for laughter. The German Courts treat music more seriously, but the composer was acquitted.

The whole question is a perfectly serious one, and one which deserves careful consideration by the public, as well as by the interested parties. I am obliged to use the term "light opera" to cover a wide field. It is not really possible to separate "musical comedy," "operetta," "light opera," "comedy opera," "comic opera," "opéra-comique," into definite categories. If a work is at once obviously to be classified in one of these categories, the probability is that it has no originality. It is the unclassifiable that is interesting. The situation with which we are faced appears to be this: that the foreign light operas are more successful as financial undertakings than the English ones. Hence a certain bitterness on the part of English composers and on the part of critics and others who are interested in English music.

One factor is of considerable importance, and it seems to be pretty generally overlooked. The manager who is intending to produce a light opera can go over to Germany and see a successful production on the stage as a going concern. He can form a much more certain judgement on it in these conditions than he can upon a manuscript score. The whole thing can be bought ready for use; there is no need to spend time and trouble on planning and considering. A production, to draw the average English public, must be expensive; it must be advertised as expensive; the mere fact of its having cost so-and-so many thousands to put on is a definite attraction. It is hardly to be wondered at that the manager who wants to avoid bankruptcy buys the foreign article whose success he has witnessed with his own eyes rather than the English one which may turn out a failure. There are, I believe, certain managers who are

honestly desirous of producing really good English light opera. They have not forgotten Sullivan; they have faith, as I certainly have myself, in the capacity of this country to produce more composers, with a real genius for light music. The difficulty is not so much to find the man as to develop him. There lies before me the score of a light opera which I saw recently in Germany. The

of delicious musical ingenuities. The whole opera is the work of one man and bears his personal mark; it is the work of a genuinely gifted and highly trained musician.

In England our genuinely gifted and highly trained musicians do not write light operas. I know for a fact that many of them would love to write them, if they could get the chance. But there are so many "ifs" in question. The first difficulty is that of finding a librettist. And the most serious difficulty—one which the managers probably realise to the full—is that they have no experience of that class of work. In Germany there is a career for the young conductor of light opera, and for the young composer of light opera and music for plays. Here the young musician who wants to make an honourable living has to become an organist or a music-master in a school. We shall never get our English light opera—the English light opera that carries on the tradition of Sullivan in a new way—until the managers co-operate with the great schools of music.

A "comedy opera" by Mr. Reginald Somerville, on the subject of "David Garrick," has recently been revived at the Queen's Theatre. It has every advantage which a liberal management could bestow upon it. Unfortunately, no manager, however lavish, can buy inspiration. Mr. Somerville has set out to do something new in English light opera, and for that he deserves credit. He seems to have taken Puccini and Massenet as his models. He certainly shows that there is something to be done in this direction. But he has no great gift of melody. There is not a tune that sticks in one's head. His craftsmanship is on the same level. The treatment of the orchestra is dull from beginning to end. Worse than the orchestration is the technical handling of the ensembles, if one can call them ensembles. The most unsophisticated hearer must realise in any opera of Sullivan's how delightful are the effects produced by a number of single voices joining in musical conversation. Such conversations require no learning to appreciate them, but to write them is a matter of high technical attainment.

As a contrast, turn to Dr. Ethel Smyth's comic opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," which is shortly to be revived at the "Old Vic." Dr. Smyth is her own librettist, and the libretto by itself is a masterpiece of wit and skill. The mere sound of the words is exhilarating without the music. And the music is a perpetual feast of attractive tunes, handled with the most exquisite skill. The composer is a learned musician; it is learning which gives her the power to express her natural inborn sense of humour. Here is an opera which needs no elaboration of costume and decoration. Dr. Smyth knows her Mozart and her Sullivan; she has learned how to write conversations in music. But the good talk is her own; "The Boatswain's Mate" is, in fact, the most personal thing that she has ever written. And it is one of the merriest, most tuneful, and most delightful comic operas ever put on the stage.



BARRIE EMULATES "EDWIN DROOD": THE DINNER IN "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"—A MURDER MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Unless Sir James Barrie finishes "Shall We Join the Ladies?"—which follows Mr. John Galsworthy's "Loyalties" at the St. Martin's—there will be another literary mystery as puzzling as "Edwin Drood." Acting honours fall to Mr. Leslie Faber (standing, left) as Sam Smith, the dinner host, whose brother has been murdered by someone present at the dinner.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

composer is, to my personal knowledge, a pure-bred North German, neither Austrian nor Slav, neither Jew nor American. The opera has enjoyed a remarkable popular success. It is a success due entirely to its artistic merits, for the opera has no "beauty chorus," and no exaggerating comedian;

in English light opera, and for that he deserves credit. He seems to have taken Puccini and Massenet as his models. He certainly shows that there is something to be done in this direction. But he has no great gift of melody. There is not a tune that sticks in one's head. His craftsmanship is on the same level. The treatment of the orchestra is dull from beginning to end. Worse than the orchestration is the technical handling of the ensembles, if one can call them ensembles. The most unsophisticated hearer must realise in any opera of Sullivan's how delightful are the effects produced by a number of single voices joining in musical conversation. Such conversations require no learning to appreciate them, but to write them is a matter of high technical attainment.



A SOCIETY THEFT CASE ON THE STAGE: "LOYALTIES," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S—(L. TO R.) MR. ERNEST MILTON, MR. ERIC MATURIN, MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI.

Mr. John Galsworthy's new play, "Loyalties," turns on an accusation of theft brought by a Jew, Ferdinand De Levis, against another country-house guest, Captain Dancy. Our photograph shows the Captain's wife preventing him from striking his accuser.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

nor is there anything whatever in it to which the most severe-minded moralist might take exception. The secret of its success is simply freshness of invention and an extremely high standard of craftsmanship. Its musical numbers are for the most part in modern dance forms. But while they are full of tunes that one cannot help whistling as one goes home, they are also full

of delicious musical ingenuities. The whole opera is the work of one man and bears his personal mark; it is the work of a genuinely gifted and highly trained musician.

"PEER GYNT" AT THE OLD VIC.: THE FIRST PUBLIC REVIVAL HERE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.



IBSEN'S GREAT POETIC DRAMA WHOSE REVIVAL HAS AROUSED TREMENDOUS INTEREST: PEER GYNT (MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE) AMONG THE MOUNTAIN TROLLS BEFORE THE DÖVRE KING (MR. ANDREW LEIGH).



THE LAST SCENE: SOLVEIG (MISS STELLA FRISTON) WELCOMES PEER GYNT HOME TO THEIR FOREST HUT, WHILE THE BUTTON-MOULDER (MR. RUPERT HARVEY, IN LEFT BACKGROUND) WHO HAS SOUGHT TO SEIZE HIM, RETIRES.

The production of Ibsen's great poetic drama "Peer Gynt," at the Old Vic., with Grieg's music adapted and directed by Mr. Charles Corri, has proved an immense success, and the house has been crowded at the two evenings and the two matinées which it was arranged to give every week. Although the play has been seen before in this country, the Old Vic. can claim to have given it the first time as a public production. The previous occasions were in 1912, when it was acted at the Little Theatre, and several open-air performances were given both in London and in the Midlands. The play was then produced by

Mr. Clive Carey, who took the name part, with Miss Muriel Pratt as Ase; the rest of the cast were members of the O.U.D.S. and the Cambridge Marlowe Society. "Peer Gynt" has been called "the Scandinavian 'Faust.'" Ibsen himself, writing in 1867, said: "Its chief figure is one of the Norwegian peasantry's half-mythical, fantastic heroes of recent times. . . . Peer Gynt is a real person, who lived in Gudbrandsdal, probably at the end of last, or beginning of this, century." Some scenes, he mentions, record memories of his own childhood. It was published in 1867, and first produced on the stage, at Christiania, in 1876.

Minoan Animal Sculpture 3300 Years Ago:

A BULL'S HEAD LIBATION VESSEL.

AMONG the most interesting relics of early Minoan culture found by Sir Arthur Evans in Crete, during his excavations at Knossos, was the bull's head libation vessel (*rhyton*) which we are here enabled to illustrate, in anticipation of his forthcoming volume, by his courtesy, and that of the Society of Antiquaries of London,

in the lower lip (see the diagram below), as is usually the case with *rhytons* in the form of animals' heads.

"We may infer from these features that this type of vessel was designed for libations. The classical term '*rhyton*' belongs, strictly speaking, to a late class of vases terminating in animals' heads, made use of at banquets. Owing to the analogy in form, due to the perforation at the animal's mouth, the word has been conveniently applied to this Minoan class, the religious intention of which can hardly be doubted. On the evolution of this type on Cretan soil more will be said below.

"The present example was formed out of two pieces of steatite. The bull's head and neck were wrought out of a solid mass, and set by means of a reveal round the edge into a flat plate forming the base (see adjoining diagram). On the outer surface of this, the artist who executed the work had made—with what object it is difficult to say, perhaps for his own guidance in the work—a little graffito sketch of a bull's head. It is interesting as showing how the horns were intended by him to spring from the head, and the indication has been made use of in Monsieur Gilliéron's restored drawing (reproduced below).

"Round the nostrils of the animal is a curving inlaid band, consisting of white shell, inserted in a shallow groove with a rectangular section. The shell used is evidently a large bivalve, and seems to be the *tridacna squamosa*, which was already imported into Crete from the Persian Gulf at this period.

"But the most striking feature of this head was the perfectly preserved right eye. The lens of this consisted of rock crystal, on the slightly hollowed lower surface of which are painted the pupil and iris. The pupil is a brilliant scarlet, the iris black, the rest of the cornea white. The crystal setting is inserted in a border of red stone resembling jasper, which surrounds the white field of the eye like the rims of bloodshot eyelids. To add to the effect, the crystal lens of the eye both illuminates and magnifies the bright red pupil, and imparts to the whole an almost startling impression of fiery life.

"Long hairs are engraved falling about the forehead, brows, and cheeks of the animal, showing that he was of a shaggy breed. Certain incurved, angular designs, moreover, on the forehead, the sides of the head, and neck, are evidently intended to indicate coloured patches, resembling those seen on some of the painted designs of bulls. That over the forehead is very symmetrical, and somewhat suggests a Minoan shield. It is possible that it is a religious symbol.

"On the face of the bull's-head '*rhyton*' from the Tomb of the Double Axes the inlays were of a quatrefoil shape. This suggests the conventional cruciform decoration which stands for spots on some of the cows of the Egyptian Goddess Hathor.

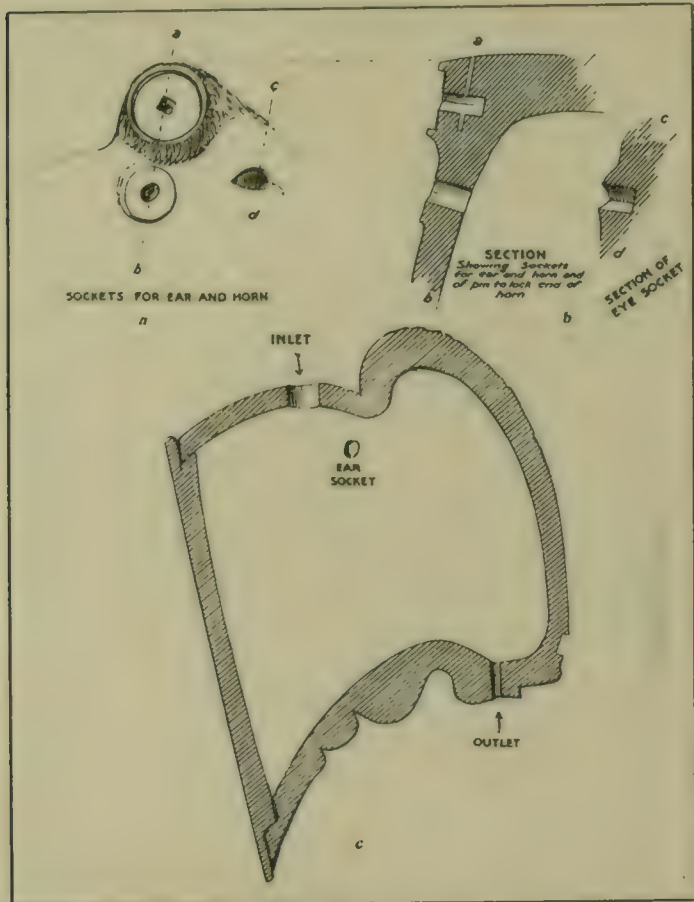
"The locks above the forehead and on the protuberance of the head between the horns are of a somewhat schematic character, and betray derivation from a more naturalistic prototype. Of the character of this prototype, moreover, additional evidence is afforded by the appearance on the ridge between the horns of a raised roundel with revolving rays, repeated in a flatter form between the horns. This ornament is evidently taken over from a metal-work original—the curving rays themselves recalling a similar decoration on the studs of a magnificent 'horned' sword from grave 44, at Zafer Papoura, which had been probably coated with gold plate.

"A striking parallel to this system of decoration is, in fact, found in the case of a silver '*rhyton*' from the fourth Shaft Grave at Mycenæ, on the forehead of which was fixed in a similar position a large rosette formed of gold plate.

This vessel, formerly supposed to be a kind of votive head with a socket for the reception of a double axe—after the analogy of certain small votive bulls' heads with this symbol—has now been shown by Dr. Karo to be a '*rhyton*,' in shape strikingly resembling the present example, though of slightly smaller dimensions. Further investigation, indeed, revealed the second smaller perforation in the lower lip for the escape of the fluid contents.

"Owing to the oxidation of a large part of the front surface, the appearance of this Mycenaean bull's head gave a very imperfect idea of its importance as a work of art. Careful cleaning on the part of a Museum restorer, under Dr. Stais' direction, has now brought out some better preserved parts of the upper surface, which show an extraordinary truth to nature in the modelling and details. The lifelike and at the same time artistic rendering of the locks 'recalls the treatment of the hair in the Age of Myron.'

"The somewhat conventional regularity of this detail in the steatite example shows that, unique as it is in its technique of inlaid stone-work, and wonderful as is its execution in many ways, it stands on the whole in a secondary position when compared with the silver *rhyton* from the Shaft Grave. The silver *rhyton* itself, as has been well pointed out by Dr. Karo, is unquestionably of Cretan and probably Knossian workmanship, and is a masterpiece of the art of the First Late Minoan Period. The steatite specimen from the 'Little Palace' is shown, on the other hand, from its close association with painted vessels in



SHOWING THE FASTENINGS FOR THE EARS AND HORNS, AND THE POSITION OF APERTURES FOR THE ENTRY AND ESCAPE OF LIBATION LIQUIDS: DETAILS AND SECTION OF THE BULL'S HEAD RHYTON.

Reproduced from "*Archæologia*," by Courtesy of the Society of Antiquaries of London.

to whose magazine, *Archæologia*, Sir Arthur Evans contributed the following account of the vessel—

"The most remarkable object found in connection with the south-west sanctuary of the 'Little Palace' was the '*rhyton*' in the form of a bull's head. With the exception of the inlays of shell and rock crystal, its material is of black steatite. Its height from the chin to the top of the head is 20 cm., so that it may roughly be described as about half the natural dimensions.

"The greater part of the head itself was preserved, but a part of the left side and the left eye were wanting, also the horns and ears. The horns in the annexed figure from Monsieur Gilliéron's restoration reproduced on this page were fixed by means of square attachments, secured in each case by a pin inserted from the top of the head by means of a vertical perforation (see diagrams above). This method corresponds, in fact, with the Minoan system of locking doors (illustrated by remains in the South House at Knossos) by means of a metal pin pushed through a 'keyhole' into the wooden bolt.

"Judging from the small size of the attachments, the material of the horns was probably of wood, and coated with thin gold foil, of which some remains were found in the deposit. But the ears, the sockets for the attachment of which, round in shape (see diagrams above), are larger in proportion, were evidently of heavier material, though it is impossible to say whether they were of precious metal—which would account for their disappearance—or of steatite like those from the 'Tomb of the Double Axes.' In this case, the hole for the projection, by which the ears were attached, went right through the side wall of the '*rhyton*,' so that it may have been secured by an internal rivet.

"The characteristic features of this type of vessel consist of a fairly large opening on its upper surface for pouring in liquids, and a smaller one below by which they can slowly escape. The larger hole, in this case, is just behind the crown of the head, and the smaller



SHOWING THE LIFE-LIKE FIERY EYE OF ROCK CRYSTAL AND JASPER, AND THE SHELL BAND ROUND THE NOSTRILS: M. GILLIERON'S DRAWING OF THE BULL'S HEAD RHYTON, WITH HORNS AND EARS RESTORED.

Reproduced from "*Archæologia*," by Courtesy of the Society of Antiquaries of London.

the 'Palace Style,' including another bull's head of a similar type, to belong to the succeeding Second Minoan Period. Its dependence on an earlier metal-work class, illustrated besides by the decorative roundels on the front and crown of the head, is thus explained by its slightly later date—the fifteenth rather than the sixteenth century B.C."

FROM THE CITY OF THE MINOTAUR: A 3300-YEARS-OLD BULL HEAD.

REPRODUCED FROM "ARCHÆOLOGIA," BY COURTESY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON, AND SIR ARTHUR EVANS.



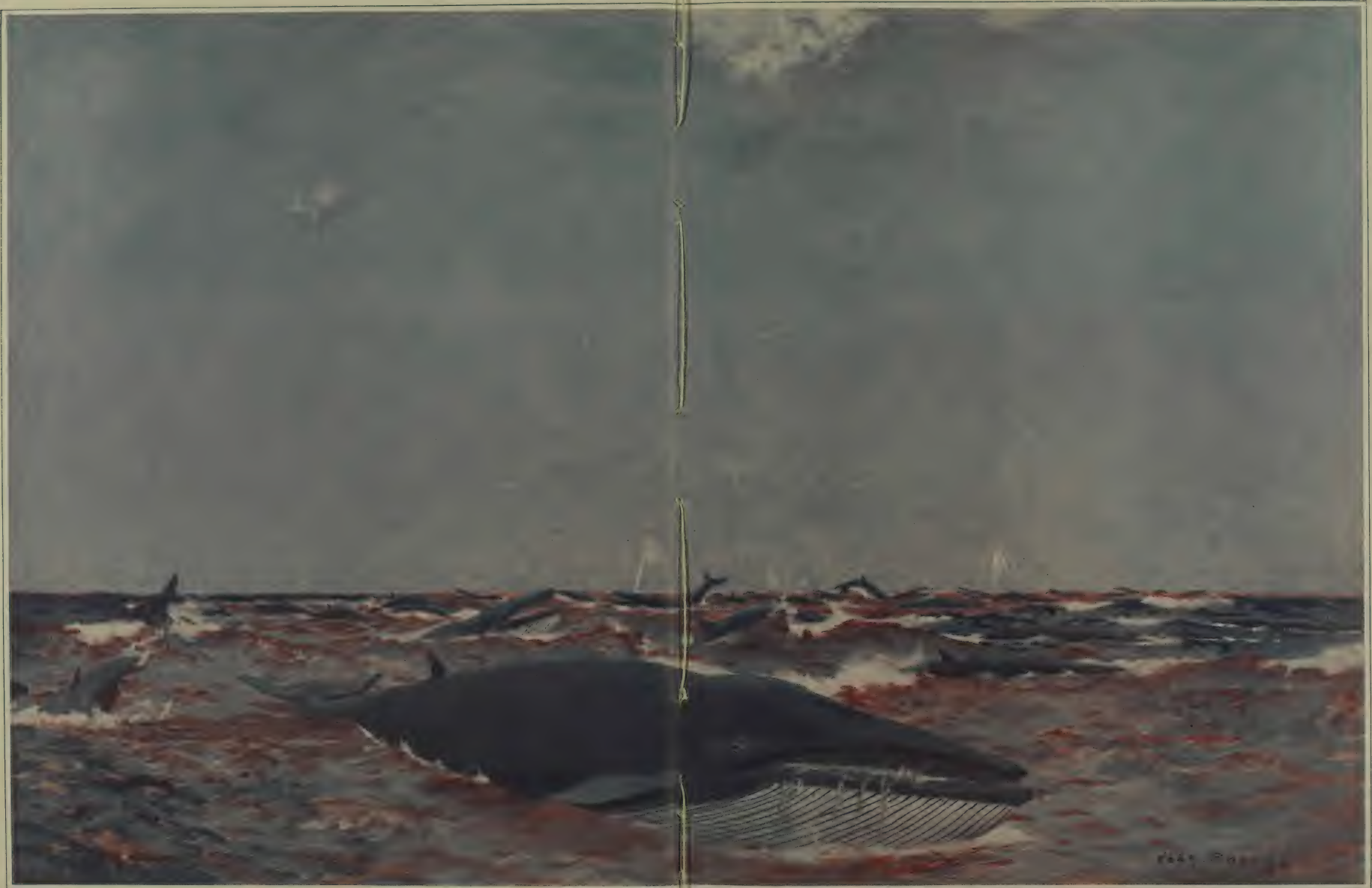
WROUGHT IN THE 15TH CENTURY B.C.: A REMARKABLE MINOAN BULL'S HEAD LIBATION VESSEL OF BLACK STEATITE, FOUND BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS IN THE LITTLE PALACE AT KNOSSOS IN CRETE (THE HORNS AND EARS RESTORED)

This remarkable relic of Minoan sculpture in Crete, made in the fifteenth century before Christ, that is, at least 3300 years ago, was discovered at Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans, the great archæologist whose researches have turned the tradition of Minos into historical certainty and caused the rewriting of early Greek history. The bull's head libation vessel, or rhyton, here illustrated, will form a feature of the forthcoming second volume of Sir Arthur's monumental work, "The Palace of Minos at Knossos," the first volume of which appeared last year, and was illustrated in our issue of December 10. By the courtesy of the author, however, we are able

to publish in advance our reproduction in colour of the rhyton, and (on the opposite page) the article describing it which he contributed to "Archæologia," the organ of the Society of Antiquaries of London, who also very kindly gave their consent. The bull's head is made of black steatite, with inlays of shell and rock-crystal, and the horns were of wood and probably plated with gold foil. The eyes were of rock-crystal rimmed with jasper. The original right eye was found intact, and is extraordinarily life-like and fiery. The horns and ears, which were missing, have been restored, as shown in the illustration.

A BLOOD-RED SEA OF COPEPODS—SUGGESTING A SANGUINARY BATTLE OF MARINE MONSTERS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARNS, R.O.I.



NOT AN ATTACK BY SWORD-FISH: SCARLET ANIMALCULÆ PROVIDE FOOD FOR RORQUAL WHALES—AND A CONTROVERSY.

Our illustration has reference to an interesting little controversy in the "Times" over the following story in a letter from the Gold Coast, by Captain G. Evered Poole, M.B.E., a Commissioner there: "On the voyage out the most extraordinary phenomenon was witnessed by us all. Between Sierra Leone and Sekondi we steamed through, for over an hour, a blood-red sea, and saw some hundreds of whales dead or dying on the surface of the water. Some were just able to move slowly along; few, if any, could move quickly. There must have been a most sanguinary battle, supposed to have been put up by sword-fish." Captain Poole's story was disputed by Mr. Henry Balfour, of Oxford, who gave a less dramatic but more scientific explanation. After pointing out that whales are rarely seen together in such numbers, and suggesting that the attraction was abundant food rather than the presence of enemies, he continued: "It is a well-known fact,

repeatedly emphasised by whalers, that where there is great abundance of the favourite food of the Whalebone whales, the sea is often of a bright-red colour for miles. One of the small Copepods (*Calanus*) is of a bright-red colour, and *Clione limacina*, a small Pteropod, is bright purple; and when myriads of such small invertebrate organisms are massed together, the sea assumes a strong red tint. Both of these animalcules form a favourite food of the Whalebone whales. I suggest that the whales were enjoying themselves hugely in a sea 'blood-red' from an unusual abundance of highly coloured food; and that if they appeared moribund, 'just able to move slowly along,' this state was induced by surfeit, not loss of blood." Captain Poole rejects this explanation, "as the sea was perfectly clear in patches; the remainder certainly gave the impression of blood. . . . The Second Officer volunteered sword-fish as the solution."—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada]

FREE STATE V. REPUBLICANS AT LIMERICK: CIVIL WAR JUST ESCAPED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



HANDED OVER BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO THE OFFICIAL IRISH FREE STATE ARMY: KING JOHN'S CASTLE, LIMERICK.



WHEN IRISH REPUBLICAN TROOPS HELD IT: THE SHANNON ROWING CLUB BOATHOUSE, WITH SENTRIES AT WINDOWS AND ON THE ROOF.



WITH A LEWIS GUN: MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN FORCE AT LIMERICK STATION.



FLYING THE FREE STATE TRICOLOUR: A FORMER BRITISH ARMOURD CAR PATROLLING STREETS.



GUARDING A COMMANDEERED HOTEL: A REPUBLICAN SENTRY ON DUTY.



AT THE FIRST REPUBLICAN PARADE IN LIMERICK AFTER THE "INVASION": TROOPS OF THE DE VALERA PARTY.



THE "INVASION" OF LIMERICK: SOME OF THE REPUBLICAN TROOPS ON THEIR FIRST MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS.

A very dangerous situation at Limerick, where at one time there was a prospect of fighting between the two sections of the I.R.A.—the official Free State troops and the Republican forces of the De Valera party—was fortunately settled, after extreme tension, on March 10. The "invaders" agreed to leave the town at once, and the Dublin headquarters undertook to withdraw the loyal troops of the Western Division. Both armies left the next morning, to the immense relief of Limerick and the country generally. The barracks, which were the bone of contention, were entrusted to a maintenance unit of the local brigade. The story

of the affair is briefly as follows. In February the Commandant of the Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I.R.A. repudiated the authority of General Headquarters, which thereupon sent a division from Clare and Galway to occupy barracks in Limerick just evacuated by the British. The mutinous Republicans kept a brigade quartermaster under arrest, and only released him after he had been on hunger-strike for four days. Numbers of disaffected men gathered in Limerick, while reinforcements of loyal troops arrived from Dublin, so that there were two armed and opposing camps in Limerick.

Coué: The Apostle of Auto-Suggestion.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN AT NANCY.

No apology is needed for introducing the subject of M. Emile Coué and his system of healing by auto-suggestion, since his methods have aroused such enormous popular interest here and abroad; but it must be understood that we give the following article merely as the personal impressions of an Englishwoman who has had experience of his treatment at Nancy.

IT may safely be said that the phenomenal success of Professor Baudouin's book, "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion," in England last year, was the means of drawing public attention to M. Coué's method and what is known to the medical faculty as the school of Nancy. M. Coué's visit to London in December last and the great interest shown in his lectures, which were delivered to crowded audiences, gave fresh hope to many who had grown to think themselves incurable invalids for life. Nancy has always been famous for its great thinkers, who for generations past have contributed largely to the general knowledge of the scientific world, more especially that of applied psychology: Liébault, the immediate predecessor of M. Coué, was a psychologist of European renown. It is a truism to say that there is nothing new in the world, and certainly the study of applied psychology has existed in all ages; but M. Coué's life-work has been, in a word, to establish two facts which were not known before—namely, that it is the imagination which gains the victory over will power every time the two forces are brought into contact; and that it is perfectly possible to make "suggestions" to persons without previously hypnotising them.

Herein lies the difference between M. Coué's method and that of other eminent psychologists who have considered the one to be impossible without the other. Having spent the greater part of his life as a chemist and a student, M. Coué, at the age of forty-three, just twenty-two years ago, made his great discovery of the power of the imagination over the will, and, deserting his dispensary, he began in a small way to treat his fellow townspeople by suggestion and auto-suggestion, with very marked success. In those early days it was usually considered necessary to hypnotise the subject before making a suggestion; but M. Coué soon came to the conclusion that merely asking the patients to close their eyes and relax gave even more satisfactory results than the other method. Years of patient study of thousands of cases that have passed through his hands has convinced him that there is no ill *within the realms of possibility* which will not yield to suggestion and auto-suggestion properly administered.

It is well worth a pilgrimage to the picturesque little town of Nancy to see M. Coué at work in his home surroundings; nothing could be more simple or unpretentious than the way in which he receives those who come to consult him. M. and Mme. Coué occupy a modern villa of the type familiar in France, surrounded by a charming flower garden, the cultivation of which is the Professor's chief hobby. Through a gate in the wall and across a narrow lane, we come to another small garden in which stands a one-storeyed cottage of the simple type of labourer's dwelling. Here, twice a week—on Mondays and Fridays—he receives the townspeople and peasants from the neighbouring countryside who come to consult him about their ills.*

The simplicity and homeliness of the whole setting are such as to produce an extraordinary impression on the mind of the foreigner who sees it for the first time. The one devoted maid-servant who has looked after M. and Mme. Coué for twenty years busies herself with seating the patients on camp-stools ranged round the walls of the little upper room where the conference takes place; but even her skill cannot accommodate more

than thirty-six to forty people at one sitting, and the overflow waits below for the second meeting. On crowded days there are as many as three lectures in succession, for nobody is ever turned away unsatisfied. When all are seated, M. Coué enters and makes an informal tour of the room, with a smile and a joke for old friends whom he recognises amongst the audience—his memory is amazing, considering the numbers he deals



WITH CIGARETTE: M. EMILE COUÉ OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE AT NANCY.

It will be noted that M. Coué is not an enemy of tobacco.

with daily. Of each new-comer he asks in a sympathetic voice, "And you, my friend, what is your trouble?"

Insensibly the magnetic personality of the Professor affects the spirits of the audience; his optimism is irresistible, he carries his sixty-five years more lightly than many a man half his age, and his clear blue eyes have a peculiar quality which it is difficult to define. Accustomed as he



THE MECCA OF THE DEVOTEES OF AUTO-SUGGESTION: M. COUÉ'S MODEST CHALET AT NANCY, WHERE THE MEETINGS TAKE PLACE—SHOWING HIM AT THE DOOR.

is to dealing with human ailments of every description, he is able to diagnose very rapidly the majority of the cases brought to him on his public days, though the variety is sometimes extraordinary. Rheumatism, epilepsy, neurasthenia, heart trouble, partial paralysis, stammering, deafness, indigestion, asthma—all are dealt with by this wonderful little man in the same cheerful spirit and with the same simplicity of method. "Remember, I cure no one," he says repeatedly; "I teach you to cure yourselves"; and "Come back and tell me you are cured—that is all the

recompense I ask." Surely there is no labour of love greater than this?

Having spoken to each individual in turn, he then addresses his audience as a whole; and delivers a short lecture in which he tells, in simple, unaffected language, of the power of the imagination over the will in the human body. To most of us who have been brought up to believe the will to be the most powerful factor in our lives, this doctrine is at first decidedly revolutionary; but M. Coué goes on to prove to us, by various convincing experiments, that whenever the will and the imagination (or our unconscious mind) are brought into conflict, the imagination wins every time. Thus he says to us, "Clasp your two hands tightly together until they tremble; then try to part them while *thinking* that you cannot do so. The hands remain firmly locked together until the moment you *think* 'I can open them,' and they part easily."

This is only one of many experiments which he uses to illustrate his point. M. Coué teaches that all thoughts which are registered on the unconscious mind become in time a reality for us, and are translated into action or bodily pain as the case may be. Thus a person who is ill and subject to recurring attacks of pain may "suggest" to his unconscious mind that the pain is passing, and in a short time that thought becomes a reality and the pain actually disappears for the moment. If this process is repeated each time the pain recurs, the impression that the pain is going will become graven on the unconscious mind, with the most satisfactory results to the sufferer. M. Coué is very insistent that there should be no effort of any kind in making conscious auto-suggestion, otherwise the very contrary of that which is desired may come about. "Repeat like a parrot," says M. Coué, "whatever you wish the unconscious mind to receive; do not even think of the words you are saying, but be as mechanical as possible." For it is thus that the best results are obtained.

Children are even better subjects than adults, in M. Coué's opinion, for they are more receptive and their wills more passive than those of older people. Many children are brought to him daily to be cured of bad habits or childish ailments, or even backwardness in school work. One such case was specially interesting—that of a youth who was top of his class in every subject except mathematics.

He came to a lecture and explained his difficulty, asking M. Coué's aid in the matter. At the end of the sitting, when the patients are asked to sit with closed eyes the better to receive the "suggestions" which are to be made to them, M. Coué "suggested" to the boy that he would no longer have any difficulty in doing mathematics—that, in fact, he would enjoy doing them, and would consequently be successful. A few weeks later the boy came back to thank M. Coué and to say that he was now top of his mathematical form as well! "Think a task is easy and it will become so," is the comforting creed of this wonderful little man.

At the close of each conference M. Coué asks everyone present to undertake to repeat twenty times, night and morning, a simple formula, which represents the epitome of his life's study and which he desires should be engraved upon the unconscious minds of all his fellow creatures, for their lasting benefit. These are the magic words: "Every day, in every respect, I grow better and better." As he stands by the door, cigarette in hand, watching his audience depart, some of those who came on sticks now walking erect without them, he has a parting word of comfort and hope for each of them. He is well named "Le Marchand de Bonheur" amongst his people.

* Foreigners and people from a distance are received every day by M. Coué in his private house, but they are not excluded from the lectures on public days.

THE APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION AT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



BESIEGED BY SUFFERERS: M. COUÉ TEACHING PATIENTS TO CURE THEMSELVES BY

M. Emile Coué, of Nancy, has achieved the most remarkable results, and has aroused world-wide interest by his method of auto-suggestion, as described by one who has had experience of his treatment, in an article given elsewhere in this number. Hundreds of people, of all sorts and conditions, flock to his little villa at Nancy, where he gives his services without payment. He himself would be the last person to claim miraculous powers. The whole point of his teaching, as expressed in the word "auto-suggestion" (which means, of course, self-suggestion by the patient to himself) is that the sufferer can bring about his own cure by the power of imagination. M. Coué insists, emphatically, on the distinction between imagination and will. Imagination, he says, is the force of the

WORK IN HIS GARDEN "CLINIC" AT NANCY.

ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



THE HEALING POWER OF IMAGINATION EXERCISED BY THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

unconscious self, which is always stronger than the will. "The patient," he says in his famous lecture, "carries within him the instrument by which he can cure himself. . . . Every morning before rising, and every night before getting into bed, he must . . . repeat twenty times consecutively in a monotonous voice, 'Every day, in every respect, I am getting better and better.' . . . The giver of the suggestion is not a master who gives orders, but a friend, a guide, who leads the patient step by step on the road to health." M. Coué, it will be remembered, lectured in London last December, and hopes to return this month or early in April.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

COOKING BY THE SUN'S HEAT: THE SOLAR STOVE ON MOUNT WILSON.

By C. G. ABBOT, Assistant Secretary, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A.

AT the Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, has been installed the great solar cooker illustrated on this and the opposite page.

The large wheel shown at the foot of the polar axis in the accompanying diagram and the lower photograph opposite is connected by a piece of piano wire to a weight which continually tends to turn the mirror toward the west, but the motion toward the west is continually restrained by another piano wire leading over the wheel to a cheap Seth Thomas motor movement such as was used formerly, before the general use of electric motors, for rotating models in show windows. This motor movement, located in the little box to the west of the wheel, as shown in the illustration, is provided with a fly vane so that one rotation of its central wheel takes place in about two minutes. If, then, the weight which tends to turn the mirror towards the west were allowed to drive the motor movement continuously, the mirror would race so fast as to be ahead of the sun, and would, perhaps, reach the sun's western position by mid-day. In order to regulate and restrain this excessive rate of motion, an ordinary alarm clock is provided, having at the rear on its central shaft a wheel of twelve pins, each pin corresponding to five minutes of time. A suitable lever and ratchet device is arranged between the alarm clock and the motor movement, so that each pin in succession trips the starting mechanism, allows the lever connected with the central shaft of the motor movement to make one complete rotation, stops the movement at that point, where it remains until the next arriving pin of the alarm clock sets off the works again. Thus the mirror is caused to rotate from east towards west; not, to be sure, perfectly uniformly, yet so nearly so that during the whole course of a day the image of the sun falls upon the tube at its focus.

The scheme of conserving the heat collected by the mirror is as follows—

Above the level of the top of the mirror is an iron reservoir of about forty gallons capacity, enclosed in a thick layer of non-conducting material composed of asbestos, cotton and wood, and protected on the outside from the weather by a case of galvanised iron. In this reservoir are two ovens, entered from the north by first opening the door of the insulating case, and then opening the iron doors of the ovens. These iron doors are upon horizontal hinges and let down, like the door of a gas stove, until they form an extension of the floor of the oven.

The reservoir is filled with gas-engine cylinder oil of high boiling point, and has three 2½-in. pipes leading to it from the top, the middle, and the bottom respectively. The top pipe is bent down to enter the upper end of the mirror, and the middle and lower pipes, joining at the outside of the bottom of the reservoir, lead down underneath the mirror and come in at its lower end. Within the mirror frame in the mirror focus parallel to the earth's axis is a straight pipe which completes the circulation. This pipe is 1½ in. in diameter, and forms the polar axis of the machine. The actual bearings of the mirror, however, are

roller bearings supporting trunnions, so that the mirror is very free to turn to follow the sun. The pipe passes through the hollow trunnions.

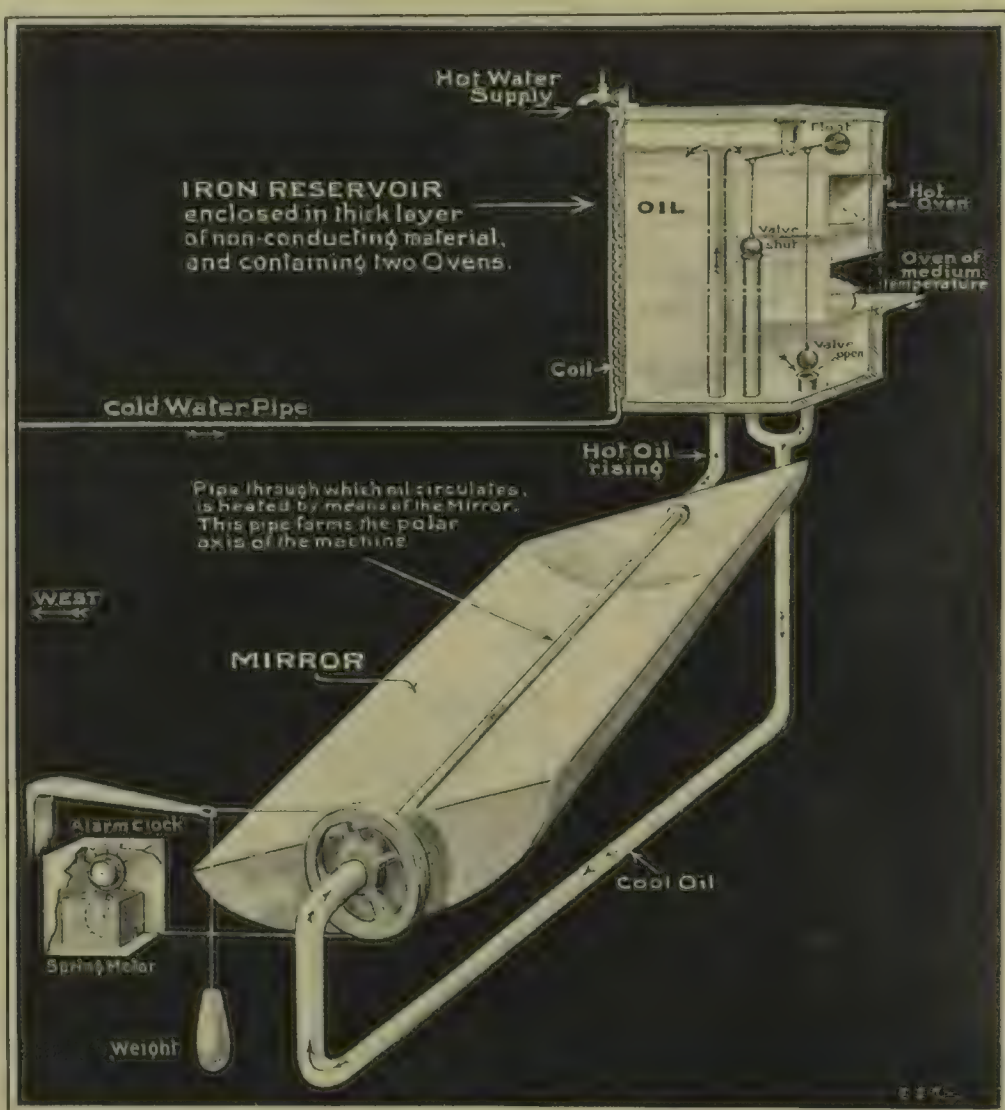
All parts of the oil circulation outside the mirror are wrapped with a thick layer of non-conducting material, mainly cotton, and the mirror itself is covered on the back with layers of cotton and galvanised iron. The top of the mirror is covered with sheets of glass to prevent the wind and the dust from coming in, and the tube which lies in the focus of the mirror is covered with 3-in. glass tubes so as to cut off convection currents and retain the absorbed heat in the immediate vicinity of the tube of oil.

The reader will at once understand the principle of the device, for it is the same as that which is in common use in cooking-stoves and furnaces to provide hot water for domestic purposes. In other words, the heat which is absorbed within

from the lower tube. The effect of this is to concentrate the heat in the upper part of the reservoir when the latter is too cool, and to extend automatically the volume of heating after the upper part has become sufficiently hot. The further effect of it is to cause the upper oven to be the hotter, and the lower of a medium temperature. Provision is also made for cutting off the circulation entirely at night, so as to prevent the apparatus from reversing itself by diffusion, so as to lose heat gained in the day by flow of the oil to the relatively cool pipe within the mirror during the long, sunless hours of night. A coil for heating water circulation is placed between the iron reservoir and its insulating coverings.

The mirror itself, 10 ft. long by 7 ft. wide, was made up of structural steel in five sections, each 2 ft. in length. Each section was framed by a pair of L-shaped members bent to the form of a parabolic bow and its string. On the front of

each pair of curved L-irons was fastened a thin sheet of smooth steel, which itself, if it were polished, would accordingly have formed a mirror; but as this would have been a very poor makeshift, it was proposed to cover the steel sheets with sheets of tinfoil, and this experiment was first tried. Owing to an unfortunate leakage of oil which occurred at a certain joint in the pipe, the tinfoil became very dirty before the end of the experiments; but this was not the most serious trouble: it was found that no suitable means of fastening the tinfoil to the sheets of steel could be arranged, for, as the mirror became heated, as the experiments went on, the tinfoil puffed up in blisters all over the surface and so spoilt the definition of the mirror. Accordingly, the preliminary experiments, although very promising, were not satisfactory, for the reason that no suitable mirror surface had been provided. An order was accordingly given for sheets of polished aluminium, somewhat thicker than the tinfoil, to take its place; but the exigencies of the war prevented the aluminium (which reflects about 75 per cent.) from being used for several years.



COOKING WITH OIL HEATED BY SUN-RAYS REFLECTED FROM A MIRROR: DETAILS OF THE SOLAR OVENS ON MOUNT WILSON.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

the mirror expands the oil in the tube and tends to make it rise, so that the hot oil is continually entering at the top of the reservoir, and the cooler oil flowing from the bottom of the reservoir under the back of the mirror, and so on continuously.

Another feature is introduced to take into consideration the different temperatures required for different kinds of cooking, and to take account also of the cooling of the oil which occurs when the sun is obscured by clouds or at night. A valve is provided within the reservoir, so that the circulation may take place either through the tube at the middle of the reservoir or through the tube at the bottom of the reservoir, as desired. An automatic control for this valve is provided by means of a float, so that during the first part of the heating of the reservoir the circulation takes place through the pipe at the middle, leaving the lower part of the oil unaffected; but when a certain temperature is reached the oil in the reservoir, having expanded, raises the float and changes the valves, thus causing the circulation to flow

In the preliminary series of experiments, temperatures of the order of 130 deg. Centigrade were obtained in the oil reservoir. Cooking was regularly carried on with vegetables, meats, and the like, and the ovens were employed for the warming of toast, and for other convenient purposes for the table; but not sufficiently high temperature was had for the baking of bread, owing to the defect of the mirror above mentioned. The experiments, however, seemed to demonstrate that with the improved surface of the mirror no trouble at all would be found in doing with the device any culinary operations except frying. In its present form, no doubt, the apparatus would be too large and costly to be practicable; but it was believed best to make it on a large scale so as certainly to meet the requirements of the problem from a heat standpoint, and then, if the experiment proved successful, it might be that sufficient economies could be made to adapt it for practical use in desert countries. The cost of the experiments was defrayed in part by grants from the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

THE SUN AS KITCHEN FIRE: A SOLAR HOT-OIL OVEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. C. G. ABBOT, OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

"IN the year 1920," writes Mr. C. G. Abbot, "the experiments with the solar cooker were resumed at Mt. Wilson. The polished aluminium sheets which had been ordered in February but received in October 1916, too late for use that year, were screwed on to the parabolic steel backing to serve as a mirror surface. Their reflecting power was measured by fastening a piece of aluminium sheet to a flat board and attaching it as a mirror to the cœlostat. Two observers then read two pyrheliometers, the one close to and pointed at this mirror, the other pointed directly at the sun. The mean of five pointings to different parts of the mirror indicated its average reflecting power as 77.3 plus or minus 2.2 per cent. It will be recalled that four years had already elapsed since the sheets were rolled. In several months' use of them in the hot weather no apparent change appeared in them. Some loss of heat occurred by imperfect figure of the aluminium mirror surface, so that a small proportion of the rays reflected shot by on the sides of the oil tube. This proportion could not be measured accurately."

[Continued opposite.]



A NEW SOLUTION OF THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM IN SUNNY LANDS: THE SOLAR COOKER ON MOUNT WILSON, CALIFORNIA—THE HOT-OIL RESERVOIR AND OVENS.

[Continued.]

"Recalling that the mirror was covered by window glass only fairly clean, as it could not be continually kept in the condition of a lens or prism, we may set the transmission of it at 85 per cent. Further recalling that the oil tube was protected by a glass tube, another loss of 15 per cent. may be admitted for it. Within this glass was the lamp-black painted tube whose absorption may be set at 95 per cent. Recalling further that no provision was made for the motion of the sun in declination, so that the mirror was right only on the equinoxes, a small loss occurred at the mirror ends by rays not reaching the mirror surface and reflections not reaching the tube. This diminution of the effective size of the mirror varies with solar declination. An average value for it is 5 per cent. A great loss, not a feature of the instrument but of its location, was due to the shade of trees that could not well be removed. This practically cut off all sun rays after one o'clock in the afternoon, besides producing a little shade in the early morning, and thus amounted to a loss of about 40 per cent. during the day."



"HOT OVENS AVAILABLE WITHOUT RUNNING EXPENSE THROUGH THE ENTIRE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS": THE SOLAR COOKER ON MOUNT WILSON, SHOWING THE MIRROR BELOW AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF OIL PIPES.

"The tests of the oven in actual cooking," writes Mr. C. G. Abbot, "were carried out exclusively by Mrs. Abbot, though watched with interest and envy by other ladies. All varieties of baking were highly successfully done, though requiring somewhat longer time than ordinary, owing to the rather low oven temperature. Cooking of meats and vegetables was exceedingly satisfactory. The preparation of cereals for breakfast dishes required no attention after the start, as the dishes would be hot and smoothly cooked at breakfast time. The canning of fruit and vegetables was very easy. As the apparatus was just outside the door of the kitchen, all the oppressive heat of summer cooking was avoided. Hot ovens available without

running expense through the entire twenty-four hours were regarded very favourably by all visitors. The water-heating circulation alone proved a failure. Not sufficient conductivity existed through the wall of the reservoir and the long coil of lead water pipe to heat the water anywhere near boiling while it was running through the coil even slowly. The coil should have been inside of the reservoir for this purpose. On the whole the experiments have been successful, although great improvements could be introduced. Dwellers in cloudy sections and in large cities, however, could not use the apparatus. Unless the reservoir were many times larger, which would add to the cost, auxiliary appliances for cloudy weather would be needed."



THE betrothal of Prince Frederick of Denmark to Princess Olga of Greece is of interest here because of our ties of affection with the country which gave us our always loved Queen Alexandra, and Princess Olga is a grand-daughter of her Majesty's favourite brother, the late King George of Greece. Prince Frederick was twenty-three on the 11th of this month. He served in the Danish navy, and is now in the army. The King and Queen of Denmark have brought up their two sons very simply and with due regard to their responsibilities. Both boys are very great favourites in Denmark. The younger, Prince Knud, will be twenty-two in July. There is no daughter of the house, so a daughter-in-law will be eagerly welcomed. Princess Olga will be nineteen in November, and is a very pretty and accomplished girl. Her father, Prince Nicholas, was well known over here previous to his marriage, as he was a favourite nephew of Queen Alexandra, and spent a great deal of time with her Majesty and King Edward at Marlborough House and Sandringham when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. He married the only daughter of the late Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, who is sister of the Grand Duke Cyril, said to be the rightful heir to the Russian throne, and whose wife is the second daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece have three daughters and no son, so a son-in-law will be welcome in their family.

The old saying that God sends food but the Devil sends cooks is very unfair to these queens of our kitchens. I have never been a cook—not nearly clever enough for the job—but I have been a kitchen-maid in hospital during the war. Since that experience my sympathy has been keen with cookies. Their environment is indeed heated and their trials are many. However, this is all going to be changed, and, instead of girls shirking domestic service, they are going to compete for it. No one will believe me, but let the sceptics visit Messrs. Troughton and Young's fine premises, 143, Knightsbridge, and see for themselves how interesting and how easy domestic work may and will be made; how clean, neat, and unruffled can be the appearance and the life of the domestics of the near future, aided, as they will be, electrically. A point about this firm is that they examine all developments in electrical appliances, test and compare them, and take up the very best; so that, leaving them, you surely go farther and fare worse.

Exigencies of space allow no chance of properly explaining even a few of the labour-saving things in this home of modern magic. Interesting hours may be spent there. There is a cooker that is perfection—so clean, so dependable; what you can do one day you are perfectly certain of being able to do any other. There is one to cook for four people, another for six, and the daintiest little one for supplementary cooking in a flat: these are the Jackson Cooking Stoves, the latest and the best, and little ones cost only £4 15s. and can be used from lighting centres. The A.B.C. Washer and Wringer makes of washing day a pleasure and an interest. There is a machine which beats eggs, slices vegetables, minces meat, crushes for puré and for soup, mixes for cake or pudding or for ice-cream, and grinds coffee. All this it does without any labour to the operator. Sweeping is done by the Hoover Sweeper, and, as it makes no dust, dusting is rarely necessary. The Belling Fires obviate need for labour in this direction, also do away with dust and dirt to a very great extent. There are lots of other things that this marvellous element, turned by the ingenuity of man into a magnificent maid-of-all-work, is made to do. What is best I have

left to the last: electricity is to be a great deal cheaper in the immediate future, and will compare in cost favourably with gas, over which its advantages are obvious and many.



A TWEED SPORTS SUIT.

Burberrys are well known for their sports clothes of every kind and description. The suit above comes from them, and is of mauve and jade tweed, and its chic lies in its simplicity and nattiness.

The King and Queen honoured Viscount and Viscountess Farquhar by dining with them last week, an honour which they have frequently

Hay Drummond, is one of the sweetest-natured, gentlest, and most unselfish of Peeresses, or, to be even more general, of women. Lord Farquhar is a clever, far-seeing man of the world, who has a good deal more sway in matters political than is apparent, and for whose opinion statesmen have great respect. On the tables at this royal dinner was his priceless Sèvres china filled with mimosa and daffodils, arranged with perfect taste, such as only an artist in flowers can exercise. The Queen, who looked very stately and handsome in cream-coloured and gold brocade, looked also as if she had been missing her daughter rather badly. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were there, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess, and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Iveagh and the Earl of Cavan; but the guest of honour of the general company was the new Knight of the Garter, Sir Arthur Balfour, who has also the very exclusive O.M.; but the Garter is the real blue ribbon of chivalry, and Sir Arthur is well worthy to wear it.

There is no woman who would not wish to have a complexion like that of the royal bride. Its child-like lustre and fineness, its softness and exquisite texture, were widely commented on. A mistake we women frequently make, is using ordinary powder when nature has given us extraordinarily fine skins. She has been specially kind to British women in this way, and good gifts should be taken care of as well as valued. Pears' Baby Powder is peerless for the complexion, and costs only 1s. 3d. at any chemist's. It is incomparably fine and soft, and made from the very best ingredients obtainable. One of Pears' Golden Series, it is above reproach, a preparation that is priceless from the point of view that it is protective, soothing, and makes the best of a beautiful skin as of one not so beautiful; it is, indeed, every woman's powder, but particularly of those whose skins are delicate.

Bengal will have a handsome couple as Governor-General and his wife in the Earl and Countess of Lytton. It is a case of handsome is and handsome does too, for never were there a nicer, kinder, or more courteous pair. They have had to leave their elder son behind, as he is finishing his education at Cambridge, whither he goes after this term at Eton. However, he has the prospect of long vacations with them, and the delights of travel and seeing the world as well. He will be nineteen in May. Lady Hermione and Lady Davina, and the Hon. Edward Lytton, started last week with their parents. The person who most feels the parting is the Dowager Countess, who is twin sister of the Dowager Lady Loch.

They are two of the kindest, most graceful, and delightful of ladies, who combine with the refinement of Victorian times a broad-minded view of the manners, and occasionally want of manners, of to-day, putting it all down to an outbreak of a sometime unnaturally restricted spirit of youth.

The Princess Royal and Princess Maud attended yet another wedding last week, that of Miss Victoria, Alexandrina Wingate, only daughter of General Sir Reginald Wingate, Bart., the distinguished Egyptian soldier-administrator, and Lady Wingate, with Captain Henry Dane, younger son of Sir Louis and Lady Dane. The bride is one of Queen Victoria's last god-daughters, and is now twenty-two. The Princess Royal gave her a pearl and diamond brooch, which she wore on her wedding dress, and Princess Maud gave her a tête-à-tête silver

tea-set. The church was filled, many of the guests being distinguished soldiers and their wives.

A. E. L.



A JUMPER AND A BLOUSE.

On the left is a jumper of navy crêpe-de-Chine embroidered in silk of the same colour and steel beads. On the right is a high-neck cream crêpe-de-Chine blouse, hand-made, with a touch of black ciré ribbon threaded through the tucks at the waist. Both garments come from Shoobred's.

conferred before. Lady Farquhar, who is the mother of Sir Samuel Scott, and of the Countess of Romney, of Mrs. Ralph Lane, and of Mrs. Arthur

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,
Stratford-on-Avon:—The Head-
quarters of the historic Garrick
Jubilee Memorial to Shakespeare
held in 1769.

JOHNNIE WALKER : “What is’t? a spirit?.....I might call him a
thing divine.”

SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE : “I cap thy compliment JOHNNIE WALKER. Thou,
too, art ‘a spirit of no common rate’.”

LONDON "INVISIBLE."*

BEACONSFIELD'S "It is a wonderful place—this London," and his lament, "and what do I know of it?" bear much repetition and are a call to thought.

That amiable, ambling cosmopolitan who dwells within the gates is cheerily unconscious of the historic, artistic, and sentimental claims of the greatest city in the world. Vaguely, he is proud of it, but it has been so long in his possession that he looks upon it without seeing it, just as he ignores mechanically the familiar furnishings of his home, even the names of the tangle of streets he traverses or moves electrically below on the way to and from his work and his pleasures. Most of its "sights" are mere finger-posts to him; there is a station called one; a 'bus stops at another; a third gives title to a café, complete with dominoes! The Underground and the highways are his; the byways he knows not at all.

It is well that there should be occasions on which he is compelled to pause. The author of "Unnoticed London" challenges him with her book; seeks to throw about his shoulders the curious cloak of The Visitor, and open his eyes to the fascinations that are about him. If she can once make him read her, she will succeed.

There is the lure of discovery on her every page.

Soho is the capital of Little-Restaurant Land. Its name is strange—when you come to think of it! Its derivation is unexpected—

"St. Anne's was built in 1685, a significant year in the annals of this neighbourhood. It was the year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which sent the Huguenots flocking to London, to take up their residence there; and of the Battle of Sedgemoor, when the Duke of Monmouth, who had a mansion in the Square, used as his watchword the cry 'So. Ho!'"

In Giltspur Street, Holborn, is the old church of St. Sepulchre, on the steps of which Macheath received the posy to which Polly refers in the words "Methinks I see him already in

"Unnoticed London," by E. Montizambert. (J. M. Dent and Sons; 4s. 6d. net.)

the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand," for did not an old benefactor leave money that flowers might be provided there for every criminal on the way to be hanged at Tyburn?

The Wallace Collection brings memories of Sir Richard Wallace himself and the record: "His name is legendary here in England, but in Paris it is a household word, for every thirsty street urchin calls the graceful bronze drinking fountains he put all over the city 'Un Vallace.'" Still delving amongst the quaint, note that it was in



GAS-BOMBS FOR RIOTERS AND CRIMINALS: A NEW WEAPON FOR THE AMERICAN POLICE, AND THE GAS-MASK THEY WEAR WHEN USING IT—(INSET) WITHDRAWING THE PIN THAT STARTS THE ACTION.

A new gas-bomb invented by Major Delanoy (shown in the photograph) is now, we are informed, used by the American police for checking riotous mobs, whom it disables by its fumes without causing permanent injury. On the table is seen a phial containing the liquid that forms the contents of the bomb and turns to gas on explosion. On the left is a gas-mask as worn by the New York police during a gas raid.—[Photographs by James's Press Agency.]

Chelsea—at a little house in Paradise Row, now lost without trace—that the Duchesse de Mazarin, niece of Anne of Austria's Cardinal Prime Minister, lived those evil days of want in which she was so

poor that her aristocratic guests made it a custom to leave under their plates money sufficient to pay for their dinners, and, of their charity, perhaps a little more.

And recall that No. 37, Dover Street, Piccadilly, was once the town house of the Bishops of Ely, who had it from the Government, in 1772, in exchange for their rights in Hatton Garden, where in other days Queen Elizabeth forced them to let it to Sir Christopher Hatton, at a rent of a red rose, ten loads of hay, ten pounds, and the rights to walk in the gardens when they chose, and to gather twenty baskets of roses a year!

Further to fallen fortunes—there is on the wall of the graveyard of St. Anne's, Soho, a tablet which reads: "Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this neighbourhood, Dec. 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison by the Benefit of the Act of Insolvency. In consequence of which he registered his Kingdom of Corsica for the use of his Creditors."

Then there is the famous Charles I. statue, of Whitehall. Its chequered career continued when, at the time of Queen Victoria's coronation, some curio-hunting rascal stole the sword, a weapon of the period which the sculptor, Le Sueur, had taken pains to provide, although he forgot saddle-girths and trappings for the horse.

So one may pass to the Benjamin of Museums—the Geffrye, which is in the heart of Shoreditch, and is a notable collection of period furniture displayed in an old alms-house; west again to the Record Office, with the Domesday Book, and letters and documents rightly treasured, not the least human amongst them one from Wolsey to Henry VIII., praying for "grace, mercy, remission and pardon," and signed, "Your Graces moste prostrat poor chapleyn, creature, and bedisman"; Strandwards to St. Clement Danes, whose bells ring out the familiar "Oranges and Lemons" plucked from the St. Clement's of Eastcheap; to the water gate of old Essex House, at the foot of our own Essex Street; and hither and thither in London, always acknowledging gratefully

the charm of the guide's manner and matter, thankful that such books come into being: for without them old London would indeed be lost—a place of stones without stories.

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"I may say I am very pleased indeed with the quality of the pearls, which far exceed even my greatest expectations, and I shall not hesitate to show them to my friends with a view to furthering the interests of your business."

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"I must say that they are the best I have yet seen. There are many kinds of Japanese 'Cultured' pearls sold here and in other Eastern Cities, but on comparison with Giro Pearls, the difference is more than obvious, and I must congratulate you on your production of a very superior article at a moderate price."

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"Mrs. — is more than delighted with the 'Ciro' necklace. The exquisite sheen of the Pearls, their limpid beauty and delicious colouring are a joy to behold, and they rival the cherished possession of a friend who owns a real pearl necklace."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

A GALSWORTHY AND BARRIE BILL AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

SUCH a programme of drama as the Reandean management is providing now at the St. Martin's ought to make us proud of the English stage. Both Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie have given of their best to this bill, and the technique of their interpreters matches their own in sureness and dexterity. In "Loyalties," Mr. Galsworthy has worked little short of a miracle; he has taken what is really a crook play theme, and so transformed it that what might have been a melodrama of society scandal becomes an absorbing, life-like, inevitable tragedy. A Jew hounding down a fellow-guest who robbed him at a country house, denouncing this distinguished young officer at his club, forcing him to take an action at law, and inflicting infinite distress upon the thief's innocent wife, which culminates in disgrace and

suicide—that is the story, but it is detailed and rendered convincing by innumerable touches of first-hand observation. The country-house types, for instance, how happily they are individualised, how cleverly their caste loyalty is hit off! Then take the club scene; once more we have an amazing accuracy, not only in the characters assembled and in their jargon and topics of talk, but in their sentiment, their attitude, their judgment when confronted with such an ugly business as they have to debate. It is the same with the scenes in the solicitor's office; we are made to feel that once certain facts regarding the missing money are brought to his notice, his code obliges the lawyer to throw up "Ronny's" case and warn the counsel he has briefed. And all through the playwright holds the balance so true—is fair to his Jew, while he reveals his self-consciousness and his swagger, and again makes us see the love of taking risks, and the prejudice against the Oriental and the money-maker, which help to explain Ronny's mad desire after "loot." Even the hypercritical will

find only two points of quarrel with Mr. Galsworthy's treatment: they will think his Jew talks too much about his race, and they may protest that the author never sufficiently accounts for the Winsors' having invited such a guest to their house. For the rest the play is flawless, and so is the acting. Delightful thumb-nail sketches are also offered in Sir James Barrie's amusing and exciting fragment, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" another transfiguration of crook drama, a piece of burlesque in which "spoof" is exalted into fine art.

"MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" AT THE NEW OXFORD.

Its spectacle is the most enjoyable feature of Mr. Cochran's New Oxford revue, "Mayfair and Montmartre." Soon all London will be talking of its Boccaccio playlet, its South Seas picture, its "legend" of old Peru, and its Versailles Ballet. Each of these is a thing of beauty, a triumph of stage *décor*, the costume designs, perhaps, being more wonderful in the Decameron interlude, and the colours richer in the South Seas display;

while the Inca drama is more sombrely impressive, and the Orangerie can boast the most dainty effects. In both the latter episodes there is some first-rate dancing. But the "star" of the revue is, of course, Mlle. Delysia. What intensity, what emotion she can get



BRITISH FOOTBALLERS IN SPAIN: ANOTHER CLAIM TO PRIORITY—THIS YEAR'S TEAM OF THE COLEGIO DE INGLESSES AT VALLADOLID.

There is healthy rivalry for the distinction of being the pioneer British football team in Spain. The claim of the Rio Tinto Company's team (illustrated in our issue of February 11) is disputed by Mr. John F. Healy, of the Colegio de Ingleses, Valladolid, who writes: "For many years past this college has had a team, and we have played many exciting games against Basque and Castilian teams. . . . The Scots College, and also the Irish College at Salamanca, have had football teams for several years past." The names of the players shown above are (from left to right), back row: V. Thompson, J. Healy, G. Catterall, H. Yarnitzky, J. Rowland, C. Wyng; front row: L. Nicholson, J. Ketterer, P. Murphy, L. Wolfe, and G. Hayes. Mr. Healy also sent a photograph of the College team for 1913-1914.



UNVEILED BY THE EARL OF CAVAN: THE BUSHEY WAR MEMORIAL.

The War Memorial at Bushey, designed by Mr. Reid Dick, A.R.A., was unveiled on Sunday, March 12, by General the Earl of Cavan, who recently succeeded Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.—(Photograph by Illustrations.)

into her acting she demonstrated in a sort of Apache sketch, done with admirable abandon. Many of the less spectacular scenes at the New Oxford want pruning or eliminating. A would-be political skit has already, it seems, and deservedly been suppressed; other episodes might go with it, for the librettist is not too successful in his humour. Thus Mr. A. W. Baskcomb and his fellow-comedians, Mr. Hassell, Mr. Edlin, and Mr. Bruno, obtain far too little scope. Lady Tree is better off, putting character into nearly a dozen impersonations; and there are moments in which such favourites as Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Joyce Barbour, and Miss Mabel Green get a look in.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PRIMROSE PROBLEM.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

THE attitude of Wordsworth's Peter Bell towards the primrose is perhaps that of a great many people. Eyes have they and see not; because they have the misfortune to be lacking in "alertness." The blessed faculty of curiosity has never been cultivated.

All primroses look alike to the casual observer. But a very slight scrutiny will show that they present at any rate one very marked difference. And this is to be found in the centre of the flower, where the fused petals dip down to form a narrow tube. In some plants it will be found that all the flowers have the tube partly filled by a small, bead-like body, known as the stigma. This is the female element of the flower, and from its resemblance to a pin's head such flowers are known as "pin-eyed." On a neighbouring plant all the flowers will be found to have the mouth of this tube partly filled with a delicate fringe, formed by a series of short rods, or "stamens," constituting the male elements of the flower. Such flowers are said to be "thrum-eyed."

If a tube of each type be carefully cut down to its base, and opened out, it will be found that both contain a stigma, and stamens; but that they occupy different positions within the tube. In the pin-eyed, the stigma is found to be seated upon the end of a long, slender stalk, or "style," while the stamens are attached low down the tube. In the "thrum-eyed," they form a fringe round its mouth, while the stigma is seated upon a very short style. But this is not all. A more critical study will show that the long-styled flowers have a stigma studded with papillae, and that the pollen-grains of the stamens differ in shape from those of the short-styled form. These latter, on the other hand, have a smooth stigma; and they produce, be it noted, a greater number of seeds.

Sixty years ago Darwin set himself the task of discovering the meaning and purpose of these differences, in the course of his brilliant work on the "Cross and Self-Fertilisation of Plants." He showed that they were to be regarded as means to avert, as far as possible, self-fertilisation, or "in-breeding" and its evil consequences. He was able to show that long-styled, fertilised with the pollen of short-styled flowers, or vice versa, produced more seed, and more

flowers on the same plant, by transference of pollen from one flower to its neighbour. Darwin took it as a matter of course that fertilisation was brought about by insect agency. But he never discovered the insect which performed this beneficent work. Nor has any single one of his disciples in all these sixty years!

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society, Mr. Miller Christy gave an account of his efforts, extending over forty years, to solve this riddle—and he has no reward but Hope. His observations were kept upon the primrose, its near relations the cowslip and the oxlip; and these were found to be visited by some thirty species of insects. Bees, flies, moths, and butterflies all visit these flowers, and they have tongues sufficiently long to take toll of the nectar secreted by the flowers as a bribe. But their visits are too infrequent to play any important part in this work. The most frequent visitors were short-tongued bees; but as these came only to steal pollen they may be ruled out of court.

Mr. Christy suggests that the real agents in effecting fertilisation are night-flying moths—a surmise advanced by Darwin at the very outset. This is highly probable, for these insects are attracted by white flowers, and the pale yellow of the primrose has the same effect. Here, then, is an opportunity for some enthusiastic naturalist to achieve fame. He must be willing to spend a very long succession of nights crouched down by a patch of primrose plants, and with notebook, pencil, and butterfly-net ready to his hand. Zeal will be his only source of warmth, unless he can make himself glow with the possibility of success where such distinguished men have failed! Now is the appointed time, it may be suggested, for the formation of a new Primrose League—on Coalition lines!

W. P. PYCRAFT.

A new type of side-curtain has been introduced for Ruston-Hornsby five-seater touring cars, which have larger windows than the standard type, made to open with the doors. Particulars can be had from C. B. Wardman and Co., Ltd., 122, Great Portland Street, W. 1.



THE NEW ARMY SPORTS GROUND AT ALDERSHOT: A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE AIR.

Great improvements have been made of late years in the facilities for sport in the Army, a matter now managed by a special department of the War Office known as the Army Sport Control Board. Even at Aldershot the space available was formerly very limited, until General Smith-Dorrien took command in 1907. A great deal has since been done. The new Grand Stand now provides covered seats for 3000 spectators, while there are terraces for 8000 more, and the old stands are also available. A new pavilion is to be ready by the summer. The photograph shows the cinder track in the foreground, and the polo and Rugby football grounds between the two roads.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

vigorous offspring than was ever the case where fertilisation was effected between two long-styled, or two short-styled flowers.

The advantages of this reciprocal crossing are obvious—preference is given to matings between separate plants; while decreased fertility results where inter-fertilisation may take place, between different

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Realising that the event is worthy of permanent record, a **SOUVENIR BOOKLET** is being prepared, describing the manufacture of the cake, the sources from which the materials came, and illustrations of the cake from different angles. Applications for this Booklet will be dealt with in rotation and should be addressed to Dept. I.L.

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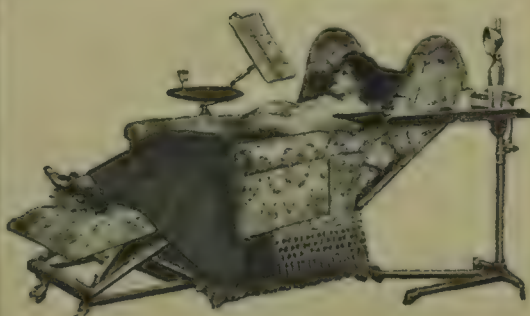
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Speed Limit.

The committee appointed by the Minister of Transport to report upon road-traffic questions, particularly those affecting the use of the motor vehicle, has finished its labours, and, if its report is not already in the hands of the Minister, it will be within a very short time. It must be borne in mind that this report will to a large extent form the basis of the suggested new motor legislation, which will be placed before Parliament as soon as the state of public business will allow, and it will therefore be of the most absorbing interest to all concerned with the use of the self-propelled vehicle. All sorts of speculations are being indulged in as to what recommendations the committee is making, and, as is always the case, there has been sufficient gossip of an informed nature to enable one to form a fairly shrewd idea of what the principal views of the committee are. Not the least interesting point dealt with in the report will be that of the speed-limit. It is understood that the committee favours the total abolition of the arbitrary

protection to the public. It cannot be, since it is universally disregarded; while the police authorities have long ago reached that conclusion, and have been content to allow it to become a dead letter, save in a few notorious districts where it is obviously worked as a valuable auxiliary to the local revenues. Logically, therefore, there is not a word to be said in its defence, regarded purely from the point of view of its object as a contributory to the safety of the highways. From the standpoint of the motorist, whom its abolition would most affect, I am not so sure that any interference with the existing order of things is going to be the desirable thing that most appear to anticipate. Abolition will—and, I agree, rightly—be accompanied by a stiffening of the law regarding driving to the

common danger. That is likely to bring in its train a new set of

disabilities. If we could depend upon police and magistrates to administer the law with a single eye to stamping out really dangerous driving, well and good. But we know that they do not. I recollect a case in point, in which a friend of mine was stopped on the Brighton Road and accused by a policeman of driving to the common danger. Naturally, he wanted to know wherein he had offended; but all the answer he could get was that, in the opinion of the policeman, he was driving dangerously. His case was heard at Hayward's Heath, and, in spite of his own

evidence and that of his passengers, the policeman's opinion was given preference to facts, and he was convicted, fined, and his license endorsed for the worst offence a driver can commit, short of causing bodily harm.

Now, if the speed-limit is abolished, we are likely to have a new campaign by police and Benches, and the last case will be worse than the first. What I think should be done at once is that, the moment we



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MOTORING THROUGH THE WOODS OF NEW SOUTH WALES: A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" ON PRINCE'S HIGHWAY, NEAR TIMBILICA.

limit of speed and a tightening up of the law regarding reckless and dangerous driving.

There are few who have given the subject any close study who will be disposed to argue that the speed-limit, as such, is of the slightest avail as a

are assured the limit is likely to go, the motoring organisations should, in combination, set to work to evolve adequate safeguards against abuse of the more drastic law of "common danger." It must no longer be left to the mere opinion of a single policeman, or even two, to prove dangerous driving. No conviction should be possible unless actual danger to persons can be absolutely proved. Then the punishment should be condign. Unless this is done, we had far better remain as we are. We know all about King Log. Personally, I am rather afraid of the regime of King Stork.

Springs and Spring Gaiters.

Since Messrs. Brown Brothers pioneered the spring gaiter with the well-known "Duco," a host of others have sprung up and the gaiter has made a vogue for itself. I am often asked whether it is really an accessory which is worth while, or if it is merely one of those fashions which are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Speaking for myself, I regard the spring gaiter as one of the most necessary fitments of the car. The function of a suspension spring is to absorb road shocks; and to enable it to do so it is built up of a

[Continued overleaf.]

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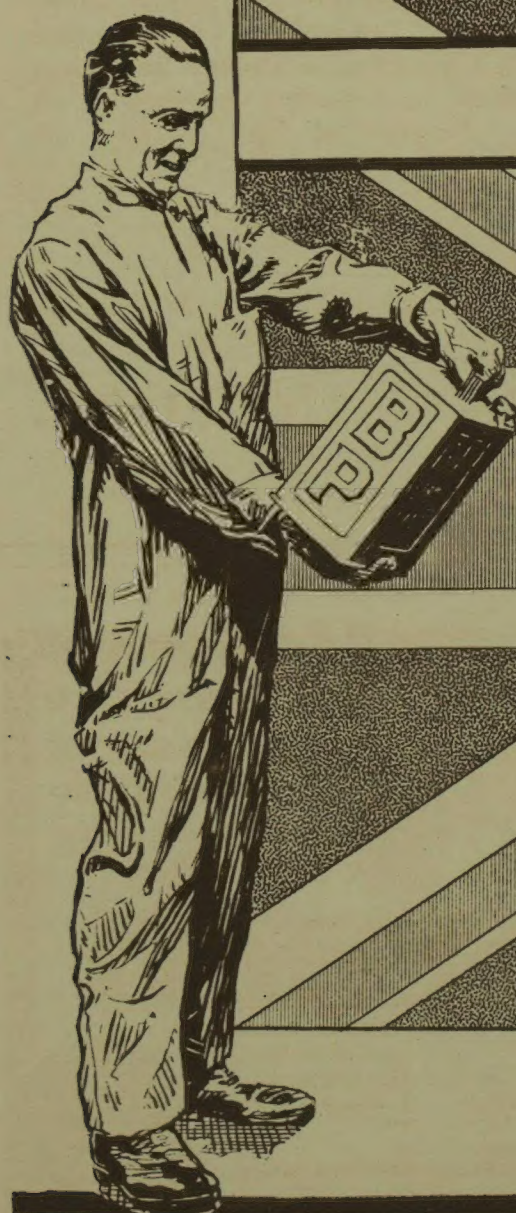
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(Continued.)

series of leaves, which should be free not only to flex under shock, but to slide easily over each other. It is obvious that two metal surfaces in contact cannot move smoothly if they are devoid of lubrication, and covered by mud and rust. The exposed spring is always dirty, generally rusty between the leaves. Manifestly, if it was right when new and well greased as it left the factory, it cannot be right when it has become semi-solid with rust and mud. If, then, the spring gaiter does keep out mud and water, and if it does lubricate the leaves, it must be a good thing. Further, if it fits the spring properly, it must act in some degree as a shock-absorber, since it will check the separation of the spring leaves when the car rebounds after striking an obstruction. On every count a good spring gaiter, properly made and fitted, is a good thing—almost an indispensable. There is another question which arises in this connection. Which is the better—the type which depends upon grease for lubrication, or that in which oil is the medium employed? I have had some little experience of both types, and it has led me to favour the oil-feed gaiter. It fits closely to the spring, and thus acts more efficiently as a shock-absorber than the type which is grease-filled. There are gaiters in which grease is used and which fit closely; but I have found that after a time the grease goes dead, and the gaiter has to be taken right off, re-greased, and then put on again. My present car is fitted with oil-feed gaiters—the Jeavons, made by Messrs. Ramsden, of Halifax; and after four months of constant use they still look as well as the day they were fitted. I had one off the other day to inspect the spring, and found that the rubbing surfaces of the leaves were polished bright and had a film of oil on them. A little oil injected through the filler-caps once a fortnight is all the attention they need, and undoubtedly they are a most satisfactory fitting.

The Scottish Trial Route.

Quite a little interest is being manifested in the route to be followed in the Light Car Trial to be run by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club next June. During the Scottish show there were several

attempts to draw the club officials on the matter; but no authentic information is likely to be forthcoming before the actual start, the club being determined that every entrant shall, as far as possible, have an equal chance as far as knowledge of the course is concerned. The old routes and hills offer quite a severe test; but there are plenty of other roads and quite new hills available in the Highlands, and competitors may depend upon being set a course that, while perfectly fair, will really ensure only thoroughly sound cars being able to secure awards. The R.S.A.C. award has always been in the nature of a hall-mark, and its value will certainly be upheld in this light car trial. Entries for the trial have to be made by April 5, and should be forwarded as soon as possible to Mr. Robert J. Smith, 163, West George Street, Glasgow. W. W.

"THE YELLOW JACKET," AT THE KINGSWAY.

FOR those who believe that spectacle, while all very well in its way and in its place, is not an essential of play-production, and that it is as possible to make-believe in the theatre with a few simple properties as with the most elaborate scenic accessories, the revival of Messrs. Hazelton and Benrimo's "Yellow Jacket" is at once timely and comforting. Here characters say they are climbing steep mountains when they are only stepping up and down a ladder or over a table, and playgoers of imagination accept the pretence without serious loss of illusion. A sermon might be preached on that text. The revival, however, has other recommendations. It is a fairy-tale told in the Chinese manner, decked out with Chinese costumes, rendered with Chinese postures and pantomime and stage naïveté. Its chorus tells you what is going to be done, and what are the uses of his machinery, and the property man sits bored at the side of the stage while the fable so familiar to him is developed by his puppets. Mr. Holman Clark is as piquantly placid and apathetic as ever in his original rôle of the Property Man.

THE GIORDANI EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

ITALO GIORDANI will probably be the talk of the town these days. Professor of the Academy of Art at Naples, Giordani comes to us from triumphs in Paris and the United States; the French State has crowned him with the eagerly sought bays of the artist's career: the Luxembourg has bought one of his masterpieces. A thick-set, vigorous man proclaims a vigorous personality, and his art fulfils the impression. From London, where his paintings will be displayed in Bond Street during this month, he goes to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to Australia, where his mastery of sunlight will make a strong appeal. Considering the vivid part that the sun and the gay colours that are the ministers to the sun play in the everyday life of the Italian, it was almost inevitable that whatsoever was vital in modern Italian art should develop on the lines of orchestration in colour which Turner revealed to the world in his sublime artistry. The revelation went to France, where Monet was its high priest. This breaking up of colour into touch-impressionism at once brought to the artist the capacity to utter sunlight. And Segantini, Ziem, Monticelli, and Mancini were soon creating masterpieces in colour-orchestration. In Giordani we have this craftsmanship developed into a large manner of using colour, laid on boldly with a palette-knife, and resulting in a jewel-like employment of colour. But at the back of Giordani's use of it is the great tradition that Naples gave to the world in what is fatuously called the Italian decadence—the use of masses of light and dark to create composition, that mass-impressionism of the Tenebrosi, out of which sprang the genius of Ribera, Velasquez, and Zurbaran in Spain, and of Rembrandt and Hals and Vermeer in Holland.

Eve, the Lady's Pictorial, is full of good pictures this week. Paris fashions and gossip, Riviera tennis, books, golf, society news and snapshots are some of the ingredients in an agreeable shilling's-worth. The artists include "Fish," Soulie, Seraph, and Marla Tyrell.

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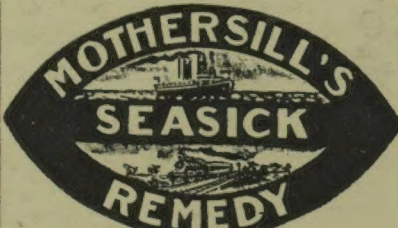
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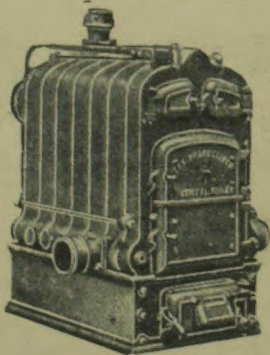
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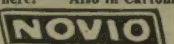
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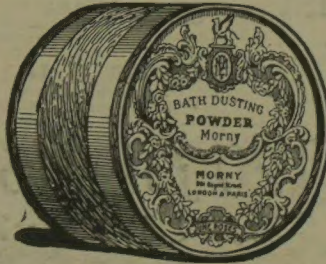
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